

The Loyalty of Cardinal Newman.

THE influence exercised over his generation by Cardinal Newman was due to something more than mere intellectual force. His fascinating attractiveness was in great measure independent of his talent, or even of his genius. Men were irresistibly drawn to love him, and to cling to him. Even those who rejected the conclusions of his reasoning, could not withstand the charm of his personality, or withhold their admiration from his personal character. All this betokens the possession of some remarkable gift in the moral order.

Yet no mere natural endowment, either intellectual or moral, is sufficient to account for the position that he holds in the minds and hearts of educated men all over the world, or for the sort of moral supremacy that is generally conceded to him among his contemporaries. To account for it we have to look beyond the natural to the supernatural order, and to recognize the underlying motive that runs, like a golden thread, through his eventful life.

Such a motive we recognize in the wonderful loyalty that marks the career of Cardinal Newman from first to last. We mean by loyalty the ready and joyful submission under the most difficult circumstances to the claim of constituted authority; and beyond this, a certain devotion to all to whom he regards himself as in any way bound, whether it be by the ties of reverence or friendship or personal regard. Loyalty is a trait that marks every good man, but it is very rare to find it so predominant a feature as it was in the character of the late Cardinal. Loyalty to God above all, loyalty to all authority, loyalty to his friends, and to all who had shown him any kindness, was as deeply imprinted on his heart as was quickness of perception, and subtlety of distinction, and prescience as to the future on his intellectual faculty.

Loyalty to God is but another name for faithfulness to

conscience, and unvarying compliance with the Divine inspirations, and a constant co-operation with grace. No man can do more than obey his conscience, and listen and obey the voice within which he believes to be the voice of God, and yield a ready co-operation with graces received. Under whichever of these aspects we examine Cardinal Newman's life, we shall find that it bears the marks of a perfect loyalty. His *Apologia pro vita sua* manifests throughout the intensity of his loyalty to God. From the first moment when, as he himself tells us, the existence of a Creator and His claims on our obedience became a luminous fact in his intelligence, he never swerved from his loyalty. When he was lying ill at Palermo, he was possessed of a firm conviction that he should recover, and he gives as the reason of his conviction that he had never been unfaithful to grace. All through the long and painful struggle through which he passed during his years of retirement at Littlemore, his single-mindedness and postponement of every other consideration to the claims of conscience appears in every page of his own account of the time spent there. No one who reads the story of his conversion can doubt that he waited until the voice within him told him that it was time to be up and doing, and that as soon as he heard that voice he obeyed without a moment's delay. In the hidden life that he has led during the greater part of his life as a Catholic, he was acting not on any mere human impulse, but under the continual guidance of God. In every crisis of his life, in all times of difficulty or trouble or doubt, he would spend long hours before the Blessed Sacrament, asking for guidance and consolation.

This was especially the case during the Achilli trial, and in the intensity of sorrow that he experienced on the death of his dearly-loved friend, Father St. John. In the first sermon that he preached after Father St. John's death, he did not make any direct allusion to it, as was expected, but preached on the Blessed Sacrament, and the privilege of devotion to It. "In times of great trouble," he said, "when you think everything is gone from you, if you have with you our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament you have still everything—whatever you have lost, if you have not lost Him, you have lost nothing. Believe me, it is so, my dear children;" then after a pause, in a low impressive voice, "*I know it.*" These (so far as one who was present on the occasion can remember them) were the concluding words of his sermon, and they simply told the source

from whence he had derived comfort and consolation in his great sorrow.

This continual reliance upon God, and in times of darkness and difficulty, is one of the surest signs of a deeply-rooted loyalty. Cardinal Newman had always a very great devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. His thanksgiving after Mass was always made before the altar of St. Philip, where the Blessed Sacrament was kept, with the single exception of Christmas morning. Then he invariably knelt before the crib. For loyalty to God is always marked by a great simplicity of devotion, and the simplicity of the Cardinal's faith was very remarkable, and the more so on account of his extraordinary talents. He had the greatest affection for the rather primitive Bambino that for many years appeared, Christmas after Christmas, in the crib at the Oratory, and for the antiquated wooden figures that represented our Lady and St. Joseph. When at length a change was made, and two young Oratorians devoted themselves to the task of providing a more comely Infant and more suitable surroundings, the Cardinal was not at all well pleased at the change. "I like the old figures best," he said, "and so, I think, do the poor people." During the month of May he was most regular at the daily devotions to our Lady, kneeling, with candle in hand, before her altar in the church.

But loyalty to God has for its surest test loyalty to those who stand to us in the place of God. No one save God Himself can know whether on any definite occasion a man is obedient to the voice within, but all can bear witness to the fact of external obedience. This spirit of submission is one of the marks that differentiates Catholicity from its counterfeits. In this respect the attitude of the Tractarians, or at all events of those who followed the guidance of Cardinal Newman, is in marked contrast to that of those who, since their departure, profess to tread in their steps, and to carry forward the work that they inaugurated. In his relation to his Bishop, Mr. Newman, from the beginning to the end of his career as a Protestant clergyman, acted just as a loyal Catholic would act, and used the very words that we should expect to find a loyal Catholic making use of. When the Bishop of Oxford, in one of his charges to his clergy, expressed himself unfavourably of some of the *Tracts for the Times*, he writes to him as follows:

I wrote to the Archdeacon on the subject, submitting the Tracts entirely to your Lordship's disposal. What I thought about your charge will appear from the words I then used to him. I said, "A Bishop's lightest word *ex cathedrâ* is heavy. His judgment on a book cannot be light. It is a rare occurrence." And I offered to withdraw any of the Tracts over which I had control, if I were informed which were those to which your Lordship had objections. I afterwards wrote to your Lordship to this effect, that "I trusted I might say sincerely, that I should feel a more lively pleasure in knowing that I was submitting myself to your Lordship's expressed judgment in a matter of that kind, than I could have even in the widest circulation of the volumes in question. Your Lordship did not think it necessary to proceed to such a measure, but I felt, and always have felt, that, if ever you determined on it, I was bound to obey."¹

Some years later, when the Cardinal was living at Iffley, and one of those who had been his companions there had taken the step which he himself found he was compelled to take two years later, he again writes to his Bishop:

August 29, 1843. It is with much concern that I inform your Lordship that Mr. A. B., who has been for the last year an inmate of my house here, has just conformed to the Church of Rome. As I have ever been desirous, not only of faithfully discharging the trust, which is involved in holding a living in your Lordship's diocese, but of approving myself to your Lordship, I will for your information state one or two circumstances connected with this event. . . . I received him on condition of his promising me, which he distinctly did, that he would remain quietly in our church for three years. A year has passed since that time, and, though I saw nothing in him which promised that he would eventually be contented with his present position, yet for the time his mind became as settled as one could wish, and he frequently expressed his satisfaction at being under the promise which I had exacted from him.²

His reverence for authority made him dislike any sort of disparaging remarks on accidental peculiarities in any member of the Episcopate. Some one had once been telling a story, at which the Cardinal seemed amused, illustrative of the frequent omission of the letter *h*, even by some educated Englishmen. But when it subsequently appeared that the story had reference to a bishop, Dr. Newman at once changed his tone. "I consider," he said, "that the old English Catholics have reason to be proud of this peculiarity of pronunciation. It is a relic of persecuting times, when they were driven into exile if they were

¹ *History of my Religious Opinions*, p. 77.

² *Ibid.* p. 213.

to receive a Catholic education. It is because they were for so many generations brought up in France or Spain or Italy, that there has grown up among them this tradition of foreign origin."

Any expression of opinion from authority was always enough to determine his action. In one of his letters he writes: "Our Bishop spoke against writing in the reviews you mention, I think in a Pastoral—yes, certainly in a Pastoral, but he also spoke strongly in private. He had found out that A's name had introduced one or other of them to the knowledge of readers who had suffered, or were in the way to suffer, from reading other articles. In consequence I withdrew a half promise I had made to write to the editors of one of them. Yet he does not condemn an answer to a mischievous or scandalous article." In practical matters he was equally submissive, as the following words show, written as they were about a place to which his heart ever clung with faithful affection: "I have never put myself forward to go to Oxford, nor myself wished it. If Propaganda wants me, I shall go; if it does not, I shall not. But it is Propaganda's concern, not mine, and I thought it would be time to answer Propaganda as to reports about me when it actually asked me."

Cardinal Newman, in the simple loyalty of his obedience, was as ready to follow any intimation of the will of his Superiors as a distinct command, and had a dread of urging or even suggesting what he himself would have naturally desired if he thought that the intentions of those set over him pointed in an opposite direction. When the Papal Brief, establishing the Oratory in Birmingham, or at least in the Central District of England, was published in the spring or early summer of 1847, Cardinal Wiseman was at that time coadjutor-Bishop over that part of the country. Only a few months afterwards he was transferred as Vicar-Apostolic to London. Newman was at the time strongly urged to apply to Propaganda for a permission to remove the Oratory to London. The change would have left him still under Cardinal Wiseman's jurisdiction, and in London he would have had a prospect of far greater usefulness and wider influence than in a provincial town. The leave could easily have been obtained, supported as it would have been by the influence of Cardinal Wiseman. But Dr. Newman, after carefully thinking the matter over, preferred to remain passive. "My Superiors," he said, "have placed the Oratory in the Birmingham District, and as far as I am concerned, there it

shall remain. I am in their hands. They can change it, if it is theirs to do so, but I shall make no move to induce them to do so."

So in his early days at Dublin, before he became Rector of the Catholic University, it happened that great disappointment was felt by the Catholic Residents in the city that Dr. Newman could not be induced to appear in public. He refused to preach charity sermons, he refused to dine out; he refused in any way to come forward before the world. At length, some one who knew how any request from one in authority had paramount weight with him, suggested to Cardinal Cullen that he should be invited to give a course of lectures on some educational subject. Dr. Newman, who had previously turned a deaf ear to every suggestion of the kind, at once complied with the proposal when it came to him from the Cardinal. He at once prepared to comply with his request, and the volume of *Lectures on University Education* was the result of his obedience.

His loyalty also produced a very deep sense of his own responsibility. When he was deliberating about his future career after he had joined the Church, he was strongly urged not to cut himself off by any course that he might adopt from the opportunity of writing in defence of the faith. It was said that by their long exclusion from all university education English Catholics had been intellectually isolated from their Protestant fellow-countrymen and that there was now a hope of their being brought into touch with the cultivated portion of the nation by means of the University converts who had been led by God's grace into the Church. Newman acknowledged the force of this view. But he said that there was no kind of life from which he and his companions shrank more than that of merely literary men. If we are to be priests, he said, we must have the opportunity of dealing with living men—with souls in the confessional and the pulpit. His subsequent career in the Oratory showed how faithfully he adhered to this idea of priestly life. Until age and infirmities rendered it impossible, he always made a point of taking his part in the spiritual work of the Birmingham Oratorians.

But he had another difficulty at that time about writing for the public. He said that for some time in all he wrote he had a near and almost painful consciousness of responsibility. He could not shake off the impression that every line that he wrote with the object of drawing men into the Church and leading

them to recognize her exclusive claims, might also be the occasion to others of their giving up what religious beliefs they before possessed and drifting away from Christianity altogether. This impression was always present to his mind when writing on Catholic subjects, and was one of the sources of his delicate tenderness in dealing with those who found a difficulty in accepting certain doctrines which lay on the borderland of faith.

One who had himself so intense an instinct of loyalty had naturally a very keen perception of what that loyalty demanded in others. A resident at Oxford, who was at the time drawing near to the Church, had been offered some position there involving the subscription to the Oath of Supremacy, which asserts that the Holy See neither has, nor ought to have, any jurisdiction, ecclesiastical or civil, within the realm of England. In his perplexity as to whether he was justified in taking the oath, he wrote to Cardinal Newman, explaining the case, and asking his counsel. The Cardinal's reply solves the whole question.

1. I do not see how a Catholic, however loyal, can take this oath—for we believe the Pope's jurisdiction to be wherever there are baptized Christians; according to our Lord's words to Peter, "Feed My sheep."

2. "A person fast drifting towards Catholicism," but "not seeing his way to become a Catholic at once," either has some definite obstacle in the way of faith, as a distinct holding off from some particular doctrine or doctrines, or has a general and indefinite want of faith, a dim belief amid remaining doubt, such as to warrant or oblige him to *wait* till he has clearer views.

(1.) If the former, that obstacle ultimately falls on the doctrine of the Pope's prerogative—for if he believed that the Creed of the Pope could not be wrong, he would accept the difficult points in Catholicism in *faith* in the Pope. Therefore, since he does *not* accept them, this shows that he does *not* apply the "Feed My sheep" to the Pope, or that he does *not* believe in the Pope's universal jurisdiction. But if he does not, he *can* take the oath to the Queen's Supremacy.

(2.) On the other hand, if, according to the latter supposition, he merely has not a clear view, and doubts which way the truth lies, though he inclines to believe Catholicism, and thinks he shall do so, doubting in some sense everything, doubting Anglicanism certainly, then I think he *cannot* swear to the Queen's Supremacy, for one cannot swear that that *is*, which we *doubt* as to its being or not being.

3. We give to the Pope and to the Church an authority *above* the

law of the land in *spiritual* matters. If the State told us to teach our children out of the Christian Knowledge Society's books, and the Pope told us not to do so, we must disobey the State and obey the Pope.

There is a third aspect of loyalty that invariably accompanies those we have already mentioned, and it is one that has more frequent opportunities of displaying itself in the ordinary intercourse of daily life than either of the others. Loyalty to God and to authority necessarily carries with it loyalty to personal friends, and of this Cardinal Newman afforded indeed a striking and signal example. It is indeed a natural consequence of forgetfulness of self, and though it is often found very strong and beautiful even in the natural order, yet in the Cardinal its natural intensity was at the same time heightened and purified by being supernaturalized. The following words, addressed to Father St. John, in the pages of *The History of my Religious Opinions*, are a wonderful expression of devoted friendship :

And to you especially, dear Ambrose St. John ; whom God gave me, when He took every one else away ; who are the link between my old life and my new ; who have now for twenty-one years been so devoted to me, so patient, so zealous, so tender ; who have let me lean so hard upon you ; who have watched me so narrowly ; who have never thought of yourself, if I was in question.

And in you I gather up and bear in memory those familiar affectionate companions and counsellors, who in Oxford were given to me, one after another to be my daily solace and relief ; and all those others, of great name and high example, who were my thorough friends, and showed me true attachment in times long past ; and also those many younger men, whether I knew them or not, who have never been disloyal to me by word or deed ; and of all these, thus various in their relations to me, those more especially who have since joined the Catholic Church. (pp. 283, 284.)

So too when he was asked to say a few words respecting one whose friendship with him had been less intimate, this same tenderness of love manifested itself. It was in 1873, on the occasion of the funeral of Henry Wilberforce.

For some minutes, however, he [Dr. Newman] was utterly incapable of speaking, and stood, his face covered with his hands, making vain efforts to master his emotion. I was quite afraid he would have to give it up. At last, however, after two or three attempts, he managed to steady his voice, and to tell us "that he knew him so intimately and loved him so much, that it was almost impossible for him to command himself sufficiently to do what he had been so unexpectedly asked to

do, viz., to bid his dear friend farewell. He had known him for fifty years, and though, no doubt, there were some there who knew his goodness better than he did, yet it seemed to him that no one could mourn him more." Then he drew a little outline of his life—of the position of comfort and all "that this world calls good," in which he found himself, and of the prospect of advancement, "if he had been an ambitious man." "Then the word of the Lord came to him, as it did to Abraham of old, to go forth from that pleasant home, and from his friends, and all he held dear, and to become—" here he fairly broke down again, but at last, lifting up his head, finished his sentence—"a fool for Christ's sake." Then he said that he now "committed him to the hands of his Saviour," and he reminded us of "the last hour, and dreadful Judgment, which awaited us all, but which his dear brother had safely passed through," and earnestly and sweetly prayed "that every one there present might have a holy and happy death."¹

We might quote many letters in illustration of the Cardinal's unflinching loyalty to his friends; but two other extracts must suffice. It occurs in a letter written in 1857 to a lady whom he had known for many years. We have introduced something beyond the portion immediately illustrating our subject, on account of its intrinsic interest.

I have heard with great sorrow of your trials, through Father ——. And I write to you, not having anything I can do but show my sincere concern, and promise you my best thoughts in Mass and at prayer.

Pray say everything kind and affectionate from me to your dear daughter, whom I always think of with great tenderness, though she used to be so afraid of me that she will perhaps hardly believe it. All these great troubles are one way to Heaven, and we should not get there without them.

I have had an immense shock in Robert Wilberforce's death. Putting aside every other thought, the life of so near and old a friend looks like the coming of one's own death. So sudden too, as if I could not rely on my present health. Thank God, I am very well; but the deep ignorance which envelopes our fallen state is especially painful at my age, for here I am not knowing what to be working at, whether to be here or in England, whether to be reading or writing, or closing all my account and winding up from the utter inability of any one to say whether I shall live five years or twenty. Some men live a second life in their old age, while others are cut off in the beginning of it.

Do not forget to pray for me, my dear ——, and ask your daughter to pray that in all things I may be guided and enabled to do God's holy will.

¹ From a letter written by one who was present, printed in *Sayings of Cardinal Newman*, pp. 16, 17.

And now at any time you have anything to tell me of yourself or your matters, be sure it will be a great kindness in you to do so.

To another friend, the member of one of the religious orders, he speaks in very touching words in a letter written about the time that he was raised to the Cardinalate: "You are an old friend of thirty-three years' standing, and you have always been a kind friend, amid all the changes of a very eventful life, and I have no means of repaying you but that of owning my debt, and praying that all your kindness may turn to your merit, which, as really done for Christ's sake, it will. Faithfulness is a rare quality in this world, and in being an instance of it, a man shows in a special way like Him, whose endearing attribute is to be faithful and true."

The wonderful affection that Cardinal Newman entertained for his friends included within its range all those who had ever shown him any sort of kindness. In this his gratitude certainly was in some way like to the gratitude of Him who requites every personal service or mark of love with an eternal recompense. To take one illustrative instance out of many. About a quarter of a century ago a book was written by a Fellow of Trinity, Cambridge, which at the time attracted much attention among Anglicans, though it is now almost forgotten. It was entitled *The Kiss of Peace*, and had for its object to prove the existence of an identity of doctrine between the Catholic Church and the Anglican Establishment. The theory was worked out with considerable skill, and with a plausibility that kept out of sight its internal contradictions. It was dedicated to Cardinal Newman, and the author had sent him a presentation copy, with a few words written at the beginning of the book expressing his affectionate reverence. When the Papal Infallibility was defined, the author saw at once that his theory was untenable, and that he must relinquish the position that he had advocated. Unhappily, he did not see his way to submitting to the Holy See, and the only alternative was a complete abandonment of his former religious beliefs. It happened that a visitor to the Oratory, who was discussing with Dr. Newman the effects of the definition on Anglican opinion, mentioned, in terms of sorrowful regret, the change that had taken place in the author of the volume in question. But the words had scarcely escaped his lips when he regretted having spoken them. Dr. Newman's face clouded

over with a look of intense sadness. Rising from his place, and taking down from his bookshelves *The Kiss of Peace*, he pointed out almost with tears in his eyes the affectionate inscription it contained. And the pain he evinced by word and look showed how keenly he felt the defection of one who had evinced so kindly a feeling to him, even though he had never known him personally.

This tenderness of heart extended itself to places as well as persons. The reader of *Loss and Gain* will remember how the hero when about to leave Oxford, walks for the last time round the walls at Magdalen and kisses the trees there in the intensity of his love for the University, where he has spent so many happy days and met so many faithful friends. The sentiment is one that was but the echo of that which was entertained by the author of the book. There was probably no Oxford man alive who loved his University more than Cardinal Newman did, or would have more willingly sacrificed his very life to bring it back to the paths of truth. And in Oxford, his own College was especially dear to him, especially the College where he had spent his undergraduate days, and which in later days invited him back to join himself to her once again. Even before he was elected an Hon. Fellow of Trinity, he speaks of it most affectionately.

In him [Dr. Ogle] I took leave of my first College, Trinity, which was so dear to me, and which held on its foundations so many who had been kind to me both when as a boy, and all through my Oxford life. Trinity had never been unkind to me. There used to be much snap-dragon growing on the walls opposite my freshman's rooms there, and I had for years taken it as the emblem of my own perpetual residence even unto death in my University.¹

Cardinal Newman's loyalty was perhaps of all the beautiful traits in his noble nature, the most beautiful and the most noble. In his relation to God it was but the echo of the loyalty of Him who said: "In the head of the book it is written of Me, Lo! I come to do Thy will, O My God. I am content to do it, and Thy law is within My heart." In his relation to earthly friends it was no less a stream from the unmeasured font of loyal friendship that led the Son of God, having so loved His own that were in the world, to love them even to the end.

¹ *History of my Religious Opinions*, p. 236.

The Newest Fashions in Ritualism.

RITUALISM may almost be described as a kind of kaleidoscope. The phases through which it has passed and is still passing are as various and as varied as the colours which that instrument presents to our eyes at each and every turn. It is impossible to know from day to day where one is with it. If its position is assailed on one ground, it is conveniently shifted to another. It will refuse to be bound by decisions of the Queen in Council or of Lord Penzance, when those decisions are adverse to its own constructions of the law; and, yet, almost in the same breath, it will appeal to those decisions in support of its contentions, if they happen to give it a loophole of escape.¹ It acknowledges and repudiates the Headship of the Queen with enviable equanimity; and it appeals to the dogmatic Decrees of the Holy Father in support of its teaching; but when called to task for its 'Romanizing propensities,' it turns and roundly abuses his Primacy and Supremacy, and indeed his right to teach at all. It maintains that it is only putting forward for acceptance 'the teaching and practice of the ancient English Church,' and it quietly forgets that what the ancient English Church taught, she taught because she was in union with the Holy See, and received her jurisdiction and her teaching from Rome. If pressed on that score, it will at once point to the opposition of the *civil* power to Rome at various periods of the nation's history, and contend that the English Church herself was always repudiating the 'Roman usurpation,' oblivious at such times of the banishment of St. Anselm, and the martyrdoms of St. Thomas, of the Blessed John Fisher, and the Blessed Thomas More, and the rest of the 'white-robed army of martyrs' and confessors, who suffered and died *simply and solely* because they would not acknowledge the Royal

¹ In confirmation of this statement it is only necessary to read Sir W. Phillimore's arguments in the 'Lincoln case.'

Supremacy, and that because it usurped the prerogatives of the Vicar of Christ.¹

The Ritualist professes to take his stand on the foundation of antiquity: his watchword is 'The early Church.' But antiquity proves a foundation of shifting sand, when there is no engineer to examine it, no architect to plan the edifice, and the builders are left to arrange each his own structure, and each one undermines his neighbour's handiwork. "And the rain fell, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and they beat upon that house, and it fell, and great was the fall thereof."² Or, if we may borrow another simile, antiquity is like a waxwork, which the artist may mould as he chooses, and no two workers will fashion a precisely similar figure out of the same lump, unless—and this is wanting in the Anglican system—there is a master-hand to supply the model, and to see that all the workers copy it exactly. In fact, Ritualism as a system, fair and specious as it may seem to its votaries, as long as they are held in its spell, is both illogical and contradictory; and one of the first feelings of a new convert to Catholicism must always be a feeling of wonder how he can have remained so long in such a system. Its professors call themselves 'Catholics' pure and simple, they now ignore the more ordinary term 'Anglo-Catholics,' whatever that may mean, but until they have, by God's grace, freed themselves of the trammels of Ritualism, they fail to realize that they are not within even measurable distance of the very first and most elementary note of Catholicism, viz., the *submission* of their mind and heart to a duly constituted, tangible authority. True, they believe a great number of Catholic doctrines, and conform to a large number of Catholic customs, because they cannot ignore the fact that these stand the Vincentian test of *quod semper quod ubique quod ab omnibus receptum est* in Catholic Christendom; but after all, it is simply a matter of private judgment with them, and because they personally approve of them, and *not* because they are proposed to them for their assent and acceptance by an authority to which they are subject, or which recognizes them as of the fold of Christ. A Ritualist, however learned he may be, has not yet learnt the A B C of Catholic

¹ It is a curious thing that the BB. John Fisher and Thomas More have recently been represented in two windows in St. Paul's (Protestant) Church at Brighton!

² St. Matt. vii. 27.

duty, as enjoined by Apostolic authority, of "bringing into captivity every understanding unto the obedience of Christ."¹ He accepts Catholic truth; but by the very necessity of his position, he is forced to regard it as an open question, and merely a matter of opinion, since he is obliged to live in full communion with, and often in submission to, those who hold and teach directly antagonistic doctrines, and who stamp his belief as damnable Romish superstition. He hates and disclaims the title of 'Protestant;' but he, as a member of the Establishment, is in full communion with the 'Protestant Episcopal Church of Scotland,' and the 'Protestant Episcopal Church of America'; while he himself is regarded as a Protestant by the whole of Christendom. Those in the Established Church who teach the most Protestant doctrines, and whose services are of the most irreverent and chilling description, can claim far more countenance both from the Anglican formularies and from the writings of the Reformers as well as from the whole line of Anglican Bishops, than those who at best can only assert that the formularies and Articles are patient of a Catholic interpretation; while at the same time they are bound to admit that until the appearance of the famous 'Tract 90' they had always been interpreted by 'the living voice' of their Church in an anti-Catholic direction. If it be maintained that they are admittedly a compromise, we can only ask in wonder, What are we to think of a Church which authoritatively speaks in such a halting hesitating way, or which says one thing and means another? A small knot of earnest-minded men—and at most their number is infinitesimal—may hold and teach true Catholic doctrine; but they are only individuals after all, they do not form the Church of which they are members; and where their teaching goes beyond the four corners of the Prayer Book and the Reformation settlement, they are (not intentionally, but nevertheless) untrue to their ordination vows and to the Church of which they are the appointed ministers. Granted that all through the history of the Establishment there has been a High Church School and a Low Church School, the fact remains and cannot be disputed, that until the last few years there never has been any party, however insignificant, which has attempted either to teach or to practise one tithe of what the extreme Ritualists attempt at the present time. It is childish to try and make

¹ 2 Cor. x. 5.

people nowadays believe that the opposition to Rome on the part of the High Church, Elizabethan, or Caroline divines went no further than the rejection of the personal sovereignty of the Holy Father. In the very first days of the Reformation, the Catholics were known as adherents of the '*Old Religion*,' while Protestants (*i.e.*, the members of the State Church) belonged to the '*New Religion*.' And the Homilies (which every Ritualistic clergyman is bound to declare and believe to contain 'godly doctrine'), and the writings of all Reforming divines, abound in the most unsparing language against the whole body of 'Romish teaching,' and in defence of the reformed doctrines which are in direct opposition to it.

That they *feel* the uncertainty of their ground is evident to any one who has had any acquaintance with the Ritualistic teachers. If they preach on the Real Presence of our Blessed Lord in the Holy Eucharist, they either leave the matter so utterly vague that their hearers are altogether mystified; or if they are more definite they are careful (unless the congregation is composed of the very *élite* of Ritualism) to insert a saving clause distinguishing their teaching from the 'Roman doctrine of Transubstantiation,' which, they will sometimes even assert, is 'unphilosophical!' A very few extremists boldly preach the whole Catholic doctrine; but they know that they are controverting the Articles and the 'Black Rubric;' and they glory in the avowal of it. If, again, they try and urge their flocks to go to confession, they are obliged themselves to acknowledge that their Church does not command or enforce it, and that it is left to the individual conscience, which, after all, means that sacramental absolution is only a spiritual luxury. If they endeavour to uphold the dignity of our Blessed Lady, it is with bated breath and many apologies; and the result of it all is that she holds no real place in their religious system: they do not realize, as only a Catholic can, that our Blessed Lord commended her to us, in the person of His Beloved Disciple, as our Mother. The religious sense of the British Protestant, whether episcopal or lay, smells 'Mariolatry' in every little honour paid to her; and even the extremist Ritualist comes home from his six weeks' holiday on the Continent lamenting how utterly eclipsed our Divine Saviour is by the honours paid to His Immaculate Mother!

But as a matter of fact, few people are aware how little

of anything even approaching Catholic Truth is taught, even now, in the Ritualistic section of the Anglican Church. Ritualists, indeed, point to the wonderful increase of devotion to advanced services,¹ and so forth, as a sign of the vitality of their Church, and of the consequent energizing guidance of the Holy Spirit. But when we come to examine into this vitality, it really amounts to little more than a revival and multiplication of more or less ornate services; a tremendous output of physical energy (which in fact they consider as the great bulwark against 'Romanizing') which, alas! too often takes the place or invades the sphere of the interior life; a wild effort to grapple with 'the social question,' and the gaining of 'the masses,' by natural means, and by the machinery of such things as social clubs, suppers, concerts, dancing classes, and 'cinderella' balls; and last, though not least, perhaps the natural result of all this uncurbed activity, an unrestrained teaching of opinions so diverse and divergent, that a man never knows nowadays what doctrine will be preached from the pulpit when one enters a church—one perhaps in the morning, and a contradictory one in the evening. And, as the latest bomb-shell that has been exploded in the Ritualistic camp, a book called *Lux Mundi* has been issued from the Pusey House—an institution, be it remembered, founded for the express purpose of maintaining and defending definite dogmatic truth against the growing scepticism of Oxford—which, in some of its statements and concessions, goes a very long way in the direction of Rationalism. "A house divided against itself cannot stand;" and such a house the Establishment is. It has no keystone, and each division of it has no unity. It must and inevitably will fall. The ruin may not be loud or sudden; but it will go crumbling away; and if in no other way, at least it will come in this, that the individuals who form the edifice will gradually give up their hold on whatever of definite faith may still remain to them, and the flood of scepticism and infidelity will sweep them away in its ever-increasing volume, while the Catholic Church, founded as she alone is, on the Rock of Peter, will stand forth as the only City of Refuge, in which the few remaining souls may find a sure standing-ground, and a secure home, and that unalterable Faith which they have been seeking so long in vain.

¹ It is curious to note how eagerly the Ritualists count up each year the increase or decrease in the number of their churches which have adopted vestments, lights, incense, the mixed chalice, or the 'Eastward position.'

I have spoken hitherto in a general way of Ritualism as a system, and alluded to facts and fancies which are more or less well known. It may not be altogether without interest and usefulness, if I give in detail some of the practices which are to be found among the newest fashions, and the most recent developments of extreme Ritualism. It will open the eyes of not a few good old-fashioned 'High and Dry' Anglicans, if they should see these pages, and not improbably also of Catholics; while at the same time it may give a clue to the right way of dealing with them, when, in God's good Providence, any may have the opportunity of influencing them towards Catholicism.

(1) I will begin with the Communion service. Now at the outset a very important and serious question faces us, to which Catholics would like a rational and logical answer. It is this. If, as the most extreme Ritualists claim, the Anglican or Reformed doctrine on the subject of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass be identical with the teaching of the Catholic Church, why was it, we may fairly ask, that the Reformers not only fulminated in no measured terms against 'the blasphemous and idolatrous Mass,' but also went out of their way to provide a form of service utterly unlike any Liturgy that had ever been known or used since the foundation of the Church? If it was only the foreign language that was objected to, why did they not simply translate into English the Ordinary and Canon of the Mass? Such a proceeding would have had a far greater chance of conciliating and hoodwinking the 'Recusants,' and concealing from the more ignorant people the great fundamental change from the Papal to the Royal Supremacy. Surely it was no light responsibility for a small handful of men to take upon themselves to throw aside the use of a thousand years in a matter of such paramount importance, and to introduce an entirely brand-new composition, which is as remarkable for its absolute contradiction *in form* to all other known Liturgies, as also for its equally absolute *omission* of any of the specially sacrificial phraseology of the other Liturgies—except, of course, the Dominical words of Consecration? In point of fact, is it not clear to an unprejudiced mind, and has it not been so understood all along, that by the composition of a *new* service the Reformers deliberately intended to cast off the Catholic doctrine of the Mass? It is simply a matter of history that none of the Reforming Bishops have ever held the Catholic doctrine, while it is equally notorious

that in Elizabeth's reign public disputations were held between the deprived Catholics on the one side and the intruded Protestant Bishops and divines on the other, the one side defending, the other denying, the Catholic doctrine of the Real Presence. Why should this be, if both Churches—or, as Ritualists would say, 'both Branches of the One Church' hold an identical faith? It was a curious way, surely, of setting forth the Church of Christ in this land, as a "City set on a hill" which all may recognize as having authority to "guide into all truth," to abolish the 'Popish Mass,' to remove the Blessed Sacrament from the churches, to throw down and trample under foot the altars on which the Holy Sacrifice had been offered, and yet maintain that the doctrine had not been altered! Ritualists feel the difficulty that they are placed in in trying to palm off this figment on their flocks, and how do they get over it? While in the pulpit they will endeavour to persuade themselves and their people that the Anglican Communion service is only an English version of the Catholic Mass, and sometimes even go so far as to speak of their 'incomparable liturgy,' *practically* they acknowledge its insufficiency when they are celebrating the Communion service. They manipulate the Office in such a way that to the stranger it is quite indiscernible as the service of the Established Church. The Introit, *Kyrie eleison*, Offertory, the Canon, the Communion, and Post Communion, are all inserted—often in Latin—the *Gloria in excelsis* and the *Credo* are either said or omitted, according to the directions in the Catholic *Ordo*, while the former is sometimes transposed from the position which it holds at the end of the English service to the beginning; the Elevation, which was forbidden at the Reformation, is ostentatiously practised; Wafer Bread, the mixed chalice, the six lights, incense, the sign of the Cross, vestments of the most correct Roman or Parisian shape and material and colour, acolytes in scarlet cassocks and lace cottas, torch-bearers, and in fact all the accessories of the Catholic Mass—once so ruthlessly abolished—are all pressed into the service, while the music of Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Gounod, and all the great composers, has been adapted to the English words, until such a pageant has been produced as would make Cranmer, and Ridley, and Andrewes, and Cosin, ask in amazement, "What mean ye by this service in the Protestant Church?" Indeed, there is one well-known church, where it is said that all the *English* portion of the service is

carefully said *secreto*, while the Latin interpolations alone are distinctly audible. Of course, notwithstanding the 'Black Rubric,' genuflections and prostrations take place to an extent never seen in Catholic churches, so much so, in fact, that in some churches there are to be seen such peculiar-shaped heaps of humanity all over the floor, at or after the consecration of the elements and Communion, that Carlyle (I think it was) said that it reminded him of a battlefield strewn with the bodies of the dying and the dead!

And yet, although these people profess to believe in the Real Presence, their practical grasp of the doctrine is more than hazy, and I have known many who, after years of Ritualistic training, in receiving the Communion think very little of dropping a crumb of the bread, or of wiping their lips with their handkerchief or their hand, after receiving the cup; while they almost always shrink from calling it the Precious Body or the Precious Blood of our Lord. Nor is it an uncommon thing to see them, if they enter a Catholic church, pass by the Blessed Sacrament without making any genuflection or reverence. Perhaps one of the most conspicuous proofs of the futility of the Ritualistic movement is the utter inability to imbue the minds of their followers to any appreciable extent with the practical acceptance of the Catholic doctrine of the Mass. On the other hand, there are some (though, of course, not the *most* extreme) Ritualistic clergy, who will use all the Catholic adjuncts, with genuflections and crossings, at an 'early celebration,' when only their faithful *clientèle* are present, while at a 'late celebration' they will go through the service in surplice and stole, without lights, the mixed chalice, or genuflections, because the old-fashioned people come then, and they dislike these new-fangled ways. And in this manner peace is preserved! But still one is forced to ask, what must really be the faith of those ministers who can play fast and loose in this way? Would the Cabinet Ministers of a constitutional sovereign, when coming into the presence-chamber, ever be dispensed from the ordinary rules of Court etiquette, because some of their constituents did not approve of them? And if these Ritualistic ministers believe that they are empowered to consecrate the Body and Blood of our Divine Lord, how can they dare abstain from rendering Him Divine honours, when they profess to believe Him to be present?

But to proceed. In the chapel of one sisterhood at least

(so I have been assured) the Latin Mass in its 'Sarum' form is said *in toto*: and this notwithstanding the solemn promise given by every clergyman at his ordination never to use any other form than that authorized to be used 'by this Church and realm,' and none other! In almost all sisterhoods the 'Blessed Sacrament' is reserved in a tabernacle, although the rubrics of the Communion service strictly forbid reservation. If the matter is brought to the Bishop's notice, and he makes inquiries, he is answered that it is for the sick only, and not for purposes of worship and adoration! So, too, in parish churches, if there be a sick person in the parish to be communicated, a particle is reserved at the 'early celebration,' and afterwards taken, either as it is or else dipped into the chalice (so as to have the 'two kinds') to the sick person. In one parish in the East End of London, this is now done with all the ceremonial of bell and lights through the streets, as in Catholic countries. At a church in Plymouth—perhaps *the* most 'advanced' church in England—the Sacrament is reserved every morning from the first celebration at 6.30 or 7 o'clock till the end of the last at 9 or 9.30, for the purpose of giving Communion. At one of the leading Ritualistic churches in London, there are periodical days of special intercession; and on these occasions the Sacrament is reserved during the whole day and until the following morning, watchers being provided for every hour; and in the evening there is solemn 'Benediction,' at which the *O Salutaris*, a metrical 'Litany of the Blessed Sacrament,' and the *Tantum ergo* are sung. 'Benediction' is not ventured on in churches, except on very rare occasions, for fear of consequences; but in sisterhoods it is of weekly occurrence. The feast of Corpus Christi, though for obvious reasons blotted out of the Prayer Book Calendar, has been restored to such an extent, that it is now pretty generally observed in Ritualistic churches. In a very few, the services are of a very elaborate character, usually in connection with the 'Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament;' and even Processions of the 'Blessed Sacrament' have been known. At one sisterhood, in the neighbourhood of Mill Hill, 'High Mass' and 'Procession of the Blessed Sacrament' through the grounds are celebrated with very great pomp, the service being entirely in Latin. At Christmas, 'Midnight Mass' is not uncommon; and on the feast of the Purification the blessing and distribution of candles, and of palms on Palm Sunday, is to be found; while at one or two churches only, at

present, the Sacrament is reserved on Maundy Thursday, and carried to a *Reposoir*, where it remains until Good Friday, when 'Mass of the Presanctified' is celebrated.

'Mass for the Dead' is said at burials, and occasionally on anniversaries; but it is by no means common. It is one of the things that Ritualism does not seem to be able to assimilate, possibly because there is no shadow of a sanction given to it in the Prayer Book, and an entirely new service has to be introduced on such occasions. Indeed it is difficult to know why they should want to have such services at all, since the usual teaching of all Ritualistic Anglicanism is that the souls of the faithful departed are in an 'intermediate state' of rest, called 'Paradise,' where all is joy and peace and expectancy, and where they will remain until the General Resurrection. There is seldom any idea of purgatorial pains from which the Holy Sacrifice or the prayers and penances of the faithful living can deliver them; and, therefore, one cannot quite see for what purpose these 'Requiem Masses' are said, especially as they are said equally for the infant and the adult. But Rome does it, and that is enough: Ritualists must do it too. Deny it as strenuously as they like—and they *will* deny it—Ritualists are nothing if they are not copyists. In all but the one fundamental truth, which alone gives the saying its force, they are ready and eager to accept the axiom, *Roma locuta est, causa finita est*. "On what principles do you act?" asked a bishop of one of the most extreme Ritualistic vicars in his diocese. "I act, my lord," was the reply, "as if the Reformation had never taken place." No, they say, we are not copying Rome: we are only restoring the ceremonies of the 'ancient Church of England;' but they conveniently forget that the 'ancient Church of England' *was* the 'Church of Rome;' while it is to Baldeschi, Le Vavasseur, Dom Guéranger, and other recognized exponents of 'Roman' ritual that they go for guidance in their ceremonial; just as it is to 'Roman' books on dogmatic, ascetic, and moral theology that they go to help them in the pulpit and the confessional.

(2) But I must go to other subjects. It is astonishing how hazy the vast majority—if one can predicate vastness of what is after all only a handful—of Ritualists are in matters of doctrine; and in too many cases their clergy are but "blind leaders of the blind:" in the sense that they have no intelligent idea of what they do believe and wish to teach. Just as it

would be true to say that there are not two churches in England where one can depend on hearing the same doctrine taught, so it will not be too much to say that, even where there is a body of clergy working together, there are no two of them who believe and teach alike. And so their parishioners and followers become votaries of 'Father A' or 'Father B' according as they are more 'Roman' or more 'moderate.' But as a matter of fact they are each year drifting away more hopelessly from any definite stand-point; and an elaborate ceremonial is no longer a guarantee of definite teaching.

A former Protestant Bishop of Argyll was one day standing with a friend on Wemyss Bay pier, when his attention was drawn to a small boy in charge of a leash of greyhounds, who was crying piteously. "What is the matter?" asked the Bishop. "Please, sir," sobbed the child, "we've lost our way, and we don't know where we're going." The Bishop turned to his friend and said, "That's an apt description of the Broad Church party." But it as aptly describes the Ritualist's position. The principle of authority was given up when John Henry Newman left the ship of the Establishment, and now it is "tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine." As an extreme instance of the uncertainty and real ignorance which prevails, I remember hearing a sermon preached by the vicar of one of the most advanced Ritualistic churches on one December 8th, in which the whole point was the Immaculate Conception of *our Divine Lord* in the womb of our Blessed Lady! I have already alluded to the extraordinary uncertainty that prevails in their ideas on the Presence of our Lord in the Holy Eucharist—transubstantiation, consubstantiation, impanation, and various other teachings. So too is it with regard to the Communion of Saints. The subject of the saints is a very touchy one with the British Ritualist; and so it is only in the most cautious and serpent-like way that the doctrine of direct invocation can, as a rule, be edged in; indeed, such a red rag was it to the late Mr. Mackonochie, that not only did he paste over the Litany of the Saints which is translated in an Office book—*The Day Office of the Church*—which he used; but he also went so far as to consider it hopeless to try and keep back from Rome any one who was in doubt and had got so far as the invocation of saints. There are a few who teach it, but very few; and the saints have no part, as a practical factor, in the spiritual life of Ritualistic Church folk. And no wonder, since

they cannot point to a single saint or a single instance of heroic sanctity as the result of the system of 'that pure and Reformed Branch of the Church established in this country.' So, as might be expected, the 'Hail Mary' is hardly used at all, except perhaps in private, and then more often with an indirect invocation, or prayer that she may hear. It was attempted for a very short time at the devotion of the Stations of the Cross, at a leading London church; but a hubbub was soon made about it, and it was stopped. No, explain it as they like, the Ritualists do not feel comfortable in the company of the saints.

'Holy water' has failed as yet to find public acceptance among the Ritualists; it is used privately in houses; but there is only one church that I know of where a few years ago it was (for it is no longer) to be found in the still undestroyed stoup in the south porch. So, too, notwithstanding many efforts that have been made for its restoration, 'Extreme Unction' makes but little way. Just now and again a sick Ritualist wishes to be anointed; but ninety-nine out of every hundred probably know nothing about it. 'Holy Oil' is kept at two or three churches; but it is seldom used except for the 'washing of the altars' on Maundy Thursday. Of course the Ritualists cannot expect their diocesans to 'consecrate' the oils for them; so they get some returned colonial bishop or any other episcopal Ritualist to do it: the unauthorized interference of one bishop in another's diocese is a point of no consideration under such circumstances; it is only when a *Catholic* Hierarchy is re-established in England that there is no end to their indignation at this 'schismatical intrusion.'

Side 'altars' are being multiplied in some of the churches, as well as in some of the Cathedrals (but in these latter simply for convenience' sake). If in any case Protestant indignation happens to boil over, and the bishop makes inquiries, the answer comes back that no importance is attached to the matter, that the 'altar' has only been put up as being more convenient for week-day 'celebrations,' when only a few people are present; and so generally (but not always) they are allowed to remain in peace. Sometimes these 'altars' have been introduced stealthily and gradually. First of all the window-ledge above the spot where the 'altar' is to be is adorned with a cross, candlesticks, and vases of flowers, so that people may be accustomed to them; after a time a ledge is affixed to the wall beneath the window, and to it the ornaments are transferred; and at length, perhaps

when the squire or the principal 'aggrieved parishioner' is absent from the parish, the 'altar' itself arrives. In the same way, by gradual steps and stages, and under various disguises, vestments and other ornaments, as well as various ceremonies, have been and are still introduced. It would hardly be worth while noticing such puerile and ridiculous episodes in Ritualistic economy, except that they serve to bring out the real character of Ritualism as a system.

Crosses are, of course, used in abundance and in every conceivable nook and corner and form and shape; but crucifixes, especially on the communion-tables, have to be very charily and carefully introduced, because the Queen in Council has decided against them. In a few churches, however, they are plentiful enough. In St. Peter's, London Docks, there is a large life-sized one in a side chapel, before which the people are encouraged to say their prayers; but when it was first erected, the majority of the people thought that the clergy were all 'going straight to Rome'—principally, I believe, because there is a similar crucifix in the neighbouring Catholic church of St. Patrick, Wapping. With images and pictures of the saints it is the same. Some years ago, indeed, a large picture of our Lady and the Holy Child was placed in St. Alban's, Holborn, and lights and flowers on a ledge before it. But it was soon removed, at the instance of the Bishop or Archdeacon; and now, after some years of hiding, it has found a resting-place again, though without flowers and lights, in St. Peter's, London Docks. All Saints', Plymouth—one of the most advanced of all extreme 'Roman' churches—is the only church that I know of where a large image of our Lady is boldly set up above the 'Lady altar,' and where the Month of Mary and all the other monthly devotions of the Catholic Church are regularly observed. Here, too, the Rosary is publicly recited, although at the Bishop's request (I believe) it is separated from the ordinary evening service of the Prayer Book by a hymn or a pause, so that it may not seem to be part of the system of the Established Church! The Litany of our Lady too is sometimes recited; and at a retreat for clergy given two years ago in a country parish church near Plymouth, it was sung every afternoon during 'Benediction,' the whole service being in Latin, and the Sacrament being reserved through the whole week. At such churches as these, all the principal festivals of our Blessed Lord and of our Lady, which do not appear in the Calendar of the 'Book of Common Prayer,'

are boldly taken from the *Catholic Calendar*, and celebrated with great solemnity, *if they do not fall on a Sunday*; for then it would rouse the ire of the 'aggrieved parishioner.' These things have to be done warily.

The daily recitation of the Office of 'Morning and Evening Prayer' is enjoined by rubric upon all 'priests and deacons;' and for the most part they conscientiously obey it; while several 'extreme' clergymen say *also* the Catholic Divine Office, either from the Latin Breviary or from an English translation, or, in some cases, adaptation. There are a few who, carrying the principle of private judgment to its logical conclusion, ignore the obligation laid on them by their own Church, and profess to consider themselves under the obligation of reciting the Breviary Offices only—though where the obligation comes from it is hard to see—and on the ground that the greater contains the less, the Anglican Offices being partly composed of excerpts from the Breviary, they persuade themselves, but fail to persuade others, that in saying the latter they include the saying of the former! The Psalms and Scriptural lections, which form the greater part of the Anglican Offices, are entirely different; but that is a matter of small moment in the judgment of such 'Catholics' as these!

Guilds and confraternities of course abound, and in many cases, no doubt, they do help forward the spiritual life of their members, although in too many instances they can only be cemented together by appealing to the lower nature in the shape of monthly 'teas' and periodical suppers. The members always have a badge of some kind, in the shape of a medal or a cross, generally bought at a Catholic shop. I remember one guild of boys which had as its badge a medal of St. Joseph—it was *not* a Guild of St. Joseph, but that did not matter—with the usual motto *Ite ad Joseph!* After this it is needless, perhaps, to say that these guilds are erected at the sole will and pleasure of the clergymen of the parishes in which they exist, and in no case (I believe) by the authority of the Bishop. In fact, notwithstanding their loud professions of allegiance to spiritual authority, the Bishops are thorns in the sides of the Ritualists.¹

¹ Their idea of 'canonical obedience' is somewhat vague. If the Bishop's authority is invoked in any matter, his judgment is accepted if it coincides with the mind of the vicar, or if the subject is one of no importance. If, however, the Bishop makes an adverse decree, his authority is simply ignored; the vicarial conscience is appeased by the argument that the Bishop has given his decision only as a private opinion, or else as the mouthpiece of the Privy Council: in the one case he *need* not, in the other he *must* not be obeyed!

They are a perpetual reminder to them of the principles of the Reformation; and they *will* adhere so provokingly to all the old-fashioned Protestant ways, and they *will* persist in hankering after 'inter-communion' with all the various schismatical and heretical sects, so long as they have the one point of opposition to Rome in common. And then, again, except just now and again, in one or two dioceses, where a mitre and a cope are worn by the Bishop, and a crozier carried by his chaplain, the episcopal costume is such an eye-sore at a Ritualistic service: so much so, that at one London church a set of episcopal vestments is kept, and every Bishop who goes there to preach is decked out in these, unless (as was recently the case with a newly-appointed 'suffragan') he stoutly refuses!

(3) I must say one word about the so-called 'religious life.' There is no doubt that there is an immense deal of spiritual energy—explain it as we will—working in the Church of England at the present time; and it has found a vent, in the case of women, in the foundation of those establishments known as 'Sisterhoods,' the chief of which have their head-quarters at Clewer, All Saints', Margaret Street, Wantage, and East Grinstead, each with their several branches throughout the country, and in India, South Africa, and the United States of America. There are others of less importance and more of a private nature, whose members are without doubt leading a most self-denying life, and doing excellent service in various branches of charitable work. But the larger communities above mentioned, numbering some hundreds of members, are more or less under episcopal patronage, the Bishop being their 'Visitor,' except in the case of East Grinstead, where a layman is 'Visitor.' The Bishop presides at the 'profession' of the 'Sisters;' but inasmuch as vows (except matrimonial vows) do not meet with episcopal approval, *that* part of the service is previously performed, and the vows taken to the warden. Perhaps I should also mention another institution of the sort lately taken under the episcopal wing, the 'Sisters of the Church,' whose efforts seem to be principally directed towards advertising their wants, providing soup for the labourers in the London docks, and keeping second-hand clothes and book-shops. But all these 'Orders' are engaged in active work; the contemplative life is not yet (will it ever be?) known in the Establishment. Indeed it would have a poor chance of succeeding: it *could* not succeed without the true 'religious' spirit, and that is utterly alien, even

to the Ritualists. I do not wish to undervalue the untiring zeal, devotion, and energy of the members of these Sisterhoods; they are doing a very useful work, and by giving scope for it are saving many a lady from an idle and otherwise wasted life. But in no sense are they 'religious,' as the term is understood in Catholic theology; I have frequently heard members of these communities say that they *feel* that their life is not the 'religious life;' there is nothing of heroic sanctity (how could there be?), nothing of 'religious' mortification and self-denial, and nothing of the Catholic and 'religious' spirit of obedience. Their Rules are in many cases excellent, chiefly borrowed from Catholic sources, but their life is an incessant round of work, work, work; and where their spiritual exercises clash with the ever-increasing work that is laid upon them, the work must be done, while their meditation must be left unmade, or their 'hours' unsaid. These Sisterhoods are associations of pious ladies, but they have no Catholic traditions or Catholic experience, and never can be 'religious'—*ex nihilo nihil fit*. If they were or could be, they would never have attracted the numbers that they have. They have copied the religious dress to a great extent; but the old proverb applies to them—*non facit monachum cucullus*.

After reading this account of Ritualists and their doings, some Catholics may be tempted to ask, Can they be acting in good faith? Are they not impostors? In reply to what seems a perfectly reasonable question, I have no hesitation in saying that I believe the very great majority to be in perfect good faith and acting up to their lights. Of course the question is entirely a subjective one, an answer to which each one must one day give for himself. But if one may judge at all from one's own experience and the experience of others whom one has known, I would certainly say that they are endeavouring to work simply and solely for God to the best of their knowledge, while there can be no doubt at all about the self-denying character of their lives. Undoubtedly there are a few who seem to have had the call to "go up higher," but have rejected it, and now bear testimony to the consequent loss of grace which they must have experienced in their gradual declension from so much of the Catholic Faith as they held before, and in an ever-increasing venom and spite against definite dogma, and especially against the Holy See. On the other hand, many seem to be yearning for Catholic unity by submission to Rome, longing to cast themselves at the feet of the Holy Father and

acknowledge his supremacy ; but simple, earnest-minded, generous though they are, and wishing to do God's will, there seems to be a something undefinable and intangible which holds them back, and makes the necessary step seem to be a leap in the dark from which they shrink, and which, moreover, seems to make them believe that they are bound to stay where they are, and go on working in the Establishment. It is a position, I am quite aware, that cannot be grasped by Old Catholics, whether in England or abroad, and they are apt to condemn them off-hand ; to those who *have* the light the schismatical and heretical and altogether alien character of the Anglican Church seems so clear and patent. And the experience of almost all converts is that *after* they have been received into the Church, all their former doubts vanish at once, and all their difficulties are solved ; the fog that formerly enveloped them is swept away, like the mist before the mid-day sun ; all seems so easy now, and they cannot explain even to themselves how it is that they remained so long in the slave-chains of the Establishment. All they *do* know is that until the call came in accents that could not be misunderstood, they went on in good faith, and worked loyally for the Church of which they were ministers or laymen, as the case might be. No further explanation can be given ; some reasons only may be urged why many who, as we say, *ought* to be Catholics, have not yet seen their way to obey the call, if indeed they have had it. I do not enter into the question of family difficulties, where conversion might entail absolute poverty both for the convert and his whole family, or estrangement from wife or children, or the giving up of all that one holds most dear for what, *before the step is taken*, may seem but an uncertain good. It is easy for those who have never had the temptation to condemn. But I speak of cases where no such difficulties are in the way, and I say that we must remember that all Anglicans, whether Ritualist or not, have been brought up amid a crowd of anti-Catholic traditions, their minds saturated with strong doses of Protestant fables which are labelled history, and they have consequently acquired a thoroughly Protestant habit of mind, which, like a second nature, it is very difficult, sometimes almost impossible, to throw off. Of course grace can do it, and grace *is* doing it day by day in greater measure than many are aware. If the leaders do not yield their allegiance as quickly as we should like, we may take courage from the thought that, as in the case of the first

Galilæan or the first Corinthian converts, so it has been all through the history of the Catholic Church: "not many wise according to the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble; but the foolish things of the world hath God chosen, that He may confound the wise; and the weak things of the world hath God chosen, that He may confound the strong."¹ It may be we are impatient, and want to see results which God holds in His own hands. It may be we do not pray enough; there *are* Catholics who take no interest in praying for the conversion of our country, because, forsooth, it seems such a hopeless task. We want to see things done at once and in our own way, and because they are not, we give up hope and prayer.

At any rate, the Ritualists are doing a good work, which in the present state of the country Catholics cannot do in the same proportion; they are preparing the soil and sowing the seed for a rich harvest, which the Catholic Church will reap sooner or later. Some few, perhaps, may be kept back at present from submitting to her claims, because they are taught to believe that they are already Catholics, and have all that they can want; more perhaps may be losing their faith altogether. But there are very few Ritualists indeed, in whose minds doubts as to the validity of their position do not at one time or another arise;² and though they may be ordered by their 'spiritual directors' to put those doubts away as temptations of the devil, as a matter of fact they seldom can stifle them even if they would, and grace works her silent way; and though it may not seem so now, *Magna est veritas et prævalebit*.³

C. W. W.

¹ 1 Cor. i. 26, 27.

² The Ritualistic position is not in the least understood by the great mass of the poorer classes. Even now, after thirty years, there is great doubt in the minds of the people in the neighbourhood of St. Peter's, London Docks, whether it is a 'Church of England Church,' or whether the 'Puseyites,' as its followers are still called, are not a distinct sect. With St. John of Wapping on one side, and St. George's-in-the-East on the other, it is hard for the uninitiated to grasp the fact that the contradictory teaching and ceremonial of all three can be included in the 'all-embracingness' of the National Church.

³ If these pages should be read by any earnest-minded, inquiring Ritualists, let me recommend to them the perusal of some Notes on *Apostolical Succession* (Kegan Paul and Co., 1s.), by Father Gallwey, S.J. It grapples with the one fundamental question which the 'Lincoln case' has brought to the fore, and which, in view of an adverse judgment, High Churchmen are already asking in the ecclesiastical papers, "Who is the Archbishop of Canterbury, that we should obey him? Whence is his authority?"

Church Bells in England.

IN a former number of THE MONTH I endeavoured to trace the origin of bells from their mention in the Old Testament down to their introduction into Europe by the celebrated Paulinus, Bishop of Nola, in Campania, A.D. (*circa*) 400. It has occurred to me that a few further notes relative to their use and abuse in this country may be of interest to its readers. A French writer on bells says, that an old bell by its inscriptions, its medallions, and ornaments, relates the history of the past better than a mutilated stone. To Catholics these words have a special significance. The old bells which hang in the time-worn towers and belfries throughout this land bring us a message of the far-off days of faith, when all England knelt at the same altar, and breathed the same prayers, which ascended to Heaven like one grand harmonious chord. The "Sanctus bell," which each morning resounded over hill and valley, in busy town and lonely hamlet, speaks as clearly as an old document of what was once the chief worship of our ancestors, viz., the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. It warned those who were perchance at work in the fields, or engaged in other pursuits, that the solemn Act of Consecration was taking place, and that they were to offer up their prayers, and join in spirit with the priest and congregation who were gathered round the altar in some neighbouring church. Religion in those days was truly a part of every-day life, not a mere Sunday performance, to be forgotten and thrown off with our Sunday attire. Little wonder that England was called the "Dowry of Mary." The old bells again testify the love and veneration which the people of once "Merry England" had for the sweet name of Mary, Mother of God. Out of fifty-seven mediæval bells found in Wiltshire, twenty-four have inscriptions in honour of the Blessed Virgin. Thirty-two of the Leicestershire bells are also inscribed with various inscriptions referring to our Lady. These numbers give one a true insight into the religious tendencies of our forefathers and of their special devotion to the Virgin Mother of God.

Unfortunately church bells suffered like churches and monasteries in the great religious upheaval of the sixteenth century. Numbers of these silver-tongued servants of the Church were plundered and torn down from towers and belfries, where for centuries they had rejoiced and sorrowed with the surrounding inhabitants. *Dolens dolentibus, gaudens gaudentibus*. Stowe and Weever inform us that in the reign of Henry the Eighth there was a clockier, or bell-house, adjoining St. Paul's Church, London, with four very great bells in it, called "Jesus Bells." Sir Miles Partridge, a courtier, once played at dice with the King for these bells, staking £100 against them, and won them. He at once set to work to have them removed and melted down or sold for his benefit. It is worthy of remark that this sacrilegious plunderer was executed in the reign of Edward the Sixth on Tower Hill "for matters concerning the Duke of Somerset." Spelman, in his *History and Fate of Sacrilege*, relates the following: "In the year of our Lord 1541, Arthur Bulkley, Bishop of Bangor, sacrilegiously sold the five fair bells belonging to his Cathedral, and went to the sea-side to see them shipped away; but at that instant was stricken blind, and so continued to the day of his death. (Bishop Godwin, in vit. ejus. fol. 650.) A sad peal at parting, and a judgment of blindness not unlike that wherewith Alcimus the High Priest was stricken, for offering some sacrilegious violence to the Temple." The same author recounts the following curious story, written about 1632: "When I was a child (I speak of about three-score years since), I heard much talk of the pulling down of bells in every part of my country, the county of Norfolk, then common in memory: and the sum of it usually was, that in sending over sea, some were drowned in one haven, some in another, as at Lynn, Wells, or Yarmouth. I dare not venture upon particulars; for that I then hearing it as a child, regarded it as a child. But the truth of it was lately discovered by God Himself; for that in the year. . . . He sending such a dead neap (as they call it), as no man living was known to have seen the like, the sea fell so far back from the land at Hunstanton, that the people going much further to gather oysters than they had done at any time before, they there found a bell with the mouth upward, sunk into the ground to the very brim. They carried the news thereof to Sir Hamon L'Estrange, lord of the town, and of wreck and sea-rights there, who shortly after sought to have weighed up and gained the bell; but the

sea never since going so far back, they hitherto could not find the place again. This relation I received from Sir Hamon L'Estrange himself, being my brother-in-law." Sir Henry relates another incident worth recording. In the same chapter regarding the "Sacrilege touching Bells," he tells us that: "at the end of Queen Mary's days (Calais being taken), Sir Hugh Paulet pulled down the bells of the churches of Jersey; and sending them to St. Malo's, in Bretagne, fourteen of them were drowned at the entrance of that harbour. Whereupon it is a by-word at this day in these parts, when any strong east wind bloweth there, to say, 'The bells of Jersey now ring.'"

Many old bells were removed from churches and cast into cannon, or exported abroad. So great was the plunder of bells, that a prohibition was issued in 1547, forbidding their exportation, "lest the metal for the same use (cannon) should be wanting at home." Somerset thought one bell was enough in a steeple, and accordingly disposed of the others to his own advantage. Even private individuals shared in the disgraceful robbery of Church furniture and appurtenances, through sheer covetousness. These righteous "reformers" took care to secure for themselves the heaviest bells, and thus it is so few mediæval bells have come down to us intact. On one of the ancient bells of Malmesbury Abbey was the following objurgation against sacrilegious despoilers:

*Elysiam celi nunquam conscendit ad aulam
Qui furat hanc nolam Aldelmi sede beati.*

which is translated thus:

In Heaven's blest mansion he ne'er sets his feet,
Who steals this bell from Aldelm's sacred seat.

The pre-Reformation bells were almost without exception dedicated to God, the Blessed Virgin, and the saints. The majority of Ave Maria bells, as they are called, were inscribed with the Angelic Salutation. On some were only the three first words, on others the first four, and the *Dominus tecum* is added on others, as at King's Sutton, in Northamptonshire, Broughton Gifford, and Collingbourne Ducis, in Wilts. The familiar invocation, *Sancta Maria, Ora pro nobis*, was a very favourite device on old bells. The eighth bell at Oxford Cathedral has a different inscription, viz.: *Stella Maria Maris, Succurre piissima nobis*. This invocation is also repeated on the bells of Mere and Aldborne in Wilts. On the sixth bell at Hambleden, Bucks, is the following legend: *Ora mente pia pro nobis Virgo Maria*.

There are a few bells still remaining in England which are dedicated to the Blessed Trinity, as at Aston Rowant, Oxfordshire, and Ogbourne in Wilts. The holy name of Jesus is also found on church bells. The Bishop's bell in Salisbury Cathedral is inscribed thus: *Jesus Nazarenius Rex Judeorum*. This legend is also repeated at Little Cheverell, Wilts, with the supplicatory prayer, *Miserere nobis*. At Bramber, in Sussex, the inscription is similar to that of Salisbury Cathedral. On the eighth bell at Aldbourne, Wilts, is a prayer for the soul of the donor, &c. This old bell is inscribed as follows: " + Intonat : de : celis : vox : campani : Michaelis : Deus : propicius : esto : a'i'abus : Ricard : Godard : quondam : de : Upham : Elizabeth : et : Elizabeth : uxorum : ejus : ac : a'i'bus : o'i'm : liberorum : et parentum : suorum : qui : hanc : campanam : fieri : fecerunt : Anno : D'ni : MCCCCXVI." At Botolphs, in Sussex, is another old bell, bearing this inscription: " + Of your charitie prai for the soulles of John Slutter, John Hunt, William Slutter." (second bell.) In Lukis's *Account of Church Bells*, the following saints are invoked on ancient bells which have been spared to us out of the vandalism of the sixteenth century "Reformers." Berkshire, St. Gabriel; Buckinghamshire, St. John the Baptist (Hughenden), St. Margaret; Cambridgeshire, St. Benedict, St. Anne, St. Apolinus, St. Andrew, St. Margaret, St. Mary Magdalen (St. Botolphs, Cambridge, fourth bell); Devonshire, St. Margaret; Dorsetshire: inscription at Pulham runs thus: " + Sunt mea spes hii tres Xp's Maria Joh'es" (second bell); Essex, St. Gabriel, St. Peter; Gloucestershire, St. Peter (Gloucester Cathedral, second bell), St. John, St. George, St. Catherine, St. Margaret; Hampshire, St. John, St. Lawrence, St. Peter, St. Margaret, St. Augustine; Hertfordshire, St. Gabriel; Huntingdonshire, St. Catherine; Lincolnshire, St. Benedict, St. John, St. Michael, St. Peter, St. Gabriel, St. Martin, St. Oswald; Northamptonshire, St. John, St. Catherine. At Slapton in the same county is this legend on the first bell: "Xp'e audi nos;" Oxfordshire, St. John (Oxford Cathedral, seventh bell); St. Catherine, St. Margaret, St. Birinus (Dorchester) Staffordshire (*Bells of Staffordshire*), Lynham, 1889), St. Gabriel. St. Leonard, St. Eliena, St. Michael, St. Raphael, St. Uriel, St. Anael, St. Orifel (Hoarcross, Holy Angels); St. Peter, St. Catherine, St. Helena, St. James, St. John, St. Bartholomew, St. Christopher; Somersetshire, St. Peter, St. John the Baptist, St. Anne, St. Michael, St. Augustine, St. Andrew; Suffolk,

St. Mary Magdalen, St. Dunstan, St. Augustine ; Warwickshire, St. John ; Wilts, St. Anne, St. John, St. Michael, St. Gabriel, St. Thomas, St. Lucy, St. Giles, St. Margaret, St. George, St. Osmund ; Glamorganshire, St. Iltyd.

We have traversed various counties in England, and a glorious array of saints once honoured in days gone by, have come down to us, on many an old bell, whose sweet tones reminded men of the "crowd of witnesses" who surrounded them and whom they invoked as their special patrons. We require no laboured treatise to prove what was the faith of Old England. These anointed messengers from other days bear unmistakeable witness to the doctrines and religious practices of our ancestors. The "Sanctus bell," as we have seen, clearly indicated the Sacrifice of the Mass. The numerous bells we have mentioned above teach us silently but surely, that the grand old doctrine of the Communion of Saints was no mere figment, but a truth and reality believed in and practised by our forefathers in this land. Prayers for the dead and Purgatory are clearly set forth as dogmas known and appreciated by ancient donors of church bells. "Continuity" lecturers might well take a lesson from the old Catholic bells which have survived the vicissitudes and turmoil of centuries of persecution and oppression. The lettering of the inscriptions which have been quoted are in Lombardic, or black letter. The earlier bells were inscribed with Gothic capitals, the use of "small" letters (according to Mr. North, F.S.A., author of *Histories of Bells*) not having being used till the first two decades of the fifteenth century. An example of a bell with inscription entirely in capitals, is to be seen at Bradenham in Buckinghamshire (second and tenor bell). It has this epigraph : "+ Michael : de : Wymbliis : me : fecit," and was cast either at the latter end of the thirteenth century or in the first decade of the fourteenth century. It is only by careful investigation of the shape, inscription, forms of letters, ornaments, and shields, that the age of an old bell can be ascertained, as bells were not dated previous to the sixteenth century. The earliest dated bell in England, is at Claughton, Lancashire: it bears date 1297.¹ Ancient bells have a more melodious sound than modern ones, and their shapes are extremely graceful. A learned writer

¹ Lyneham, in his *Bells of Staffordshire*, informs us that there is a bell at St. Chad's, Lichfield, bearing date 1255, and is inscribed thus: *O Beati (sic) Maria*, A.R. 1255. The A.R. is supposed to stand for Anno Resurrectionis.

on the subject attributes the superiority of tone to the following reasons: (1) Larger weight of metal than is given now to a bell of the same note. (2) A better admixture of metals. (3) The method then adopted of fusing the metals, viz.: by a wood fire, which, not being so hot as coal, does not sublimate the tin. It is an erroneous idea to suppose that silver was introduced into their composition, as it would injure rather than add to the sound, being in its nature more like lead. It is said that good bell metal should consist of copper and tin in the proportions of one of tin to three of copper. Speaking of bell metal reminds us of bell founders. Several mediæval bell foundries were scattered throughout England. Michael de Wymbish, who lived *circa* 1297, had his foundry in London; John of Gloucester, Sandre, and William Henshawe, were all bell founders of Gloucester from 1310 to 1480. Henry Mitchell of Lichfield, A.D. 1313, belonged to the same craft. In the fifteenth century there were celebrated bell founders at Bristol, East Dereham, in Norfolk, Chesterfield, Colchester, and Bracebridge, near Lincoln. Amongst other well known bell founders whose initials or names are found on old bells were John Adam, fourteenth century; John Barbur, fifteenth century; Richard de Wymbish, fifteenth century; Thos. de Lenne, fourteenth or fifteenth century; John Godynge de Lenne, fifteenth century; Thos. Darby, fourteenth and fifteenth century; Wilelmus Revel, fifteenth century; Wilelmus Schep, fifteenth century. There were many others whose initials and localities have proved an enigma to antiquarians. In Bowen's MS. collections of Shropshire in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, is an interesting extract of a most accomplished priest, who, besides being a bell founder, was a perfect genius in other arts and sciences. From the register of Thos. Botelar, vicar of Wenlock, temp. Henry the Eighth, Edward the Sixth, Mary and Elizabeth, we quote the following: "1546, May 26th, buried out of tow tenements in Mardfold Street, next St. Owen's Well, Sir William Corvehill, priest of the service of our Lady in this church, &c. He was well skilled in geometry, not by speculation, but by experience: could make organs, clocks, and chimes; in kerving in masonry, and silk weaving, and painting: and could make all instruments of music, and was a very patient and gud man, borne in this borowe, and sometyme monk in the monastery: he had two brethren, dōpne, John, monk in said monastery, and Sir Andrew Corvehill, a secular priest, who

died at Croydon, in Surrey: on whose souls God have mercy. All this country had a great loss of Sir William, for he was a good bell founder, and maker of frames." A truly wonderful man was good Sir William Corvehill, and his manifold talents were, no doubt, appreciated and sought after by his brother priests who dwelt in his neighbourhood. Such industry and patience deserved the above eulogistic notice from the worthy Vicar of Wenlock, who must have lived in troublous days. It may not be unacceptable to record here the different bells which were in use in this country for sacred purposes alone. (1) The "Sanctus, or Saunce bell," or, as it is now called, the parson's or priest's bell. In some parts it is designated by the peasantry by the prosaic name of "ting-tang." This bell was, previous to the Reformation, rung at the Elevation of the Host at the parish Mass: it was fixed outside the church, frequently on the apex of the eastern gable of the nave; and sometimes it is found hung separately in the tower or belfry. Then there was the "Sacring," or sacramental bell, which was rung within the chancel at the Elevation of the Host. It was usually made of silver or brass. Shakespeare makes mention of this bell in Act iii. Scene 2, of *Henry the Eighth*. The "Lyche bell," or "Corse bell," was usually rung before a corpse on its way to burial. All the above-named bells are mentioned in the inventories, which were made throughout England in the reign of Edward the Sixth. The epigraphs on post-Reformation bells are chiefly noted for their facetiousness and curiosity than for their literary merit. A few of these inscriptions found on bells in various parts of the country may be of interest to my readers. On the fourth bell at Aldbourne we read:

Humphry Symsin gave xx pound to buy this bell,
And the parish gave xx more to make this ring go well.

We may infer from this that Humphrey Symsin's bell was cracked. At Binstead, Hants, we find that,

Dr. Nicholas gave five pound,
To help cast this peal, tuneable and sound.

The bells were evidently in the same predicament as the one at Aldbourne. At Broadchalk, is a self-opinionated bell which says:

I in this place am second bell
I'll surely do my part as well.

At Calne, the third bell informs us that a certain

Robert Forman collected the money for casting this bell,
Of well-disposed persons, as I do you tell.

At Alderton, a bell sings the praise of a female donor, thus :

I'm given here to make a peal,
And sound the praises of Mary Neal.

On the Sherbourne fire-bell, date 1652, is the following :

Lord ! quench this furious flame,
Arise, run, help, put out the same.

At Himbleton, is an inscription which smacks of provincial English :

John Martin of Worcester, he made wee,
Be it known to all that do we see.

The third bell at St. Benet's, Cambridge, date 1607, sounds its own praise as follows :

Of all the bells in Benet, I am the best,
And yet for my casting the parish paid lest.

At Northfield, according to the inscriptions on the bells, there must have been considerable squabbling over the addition of an extra bell. They are as follows :

1. We now are six tho' once but five,
2. And against our casting some did strive,
3. But when a day for meeting they did fix
4. Then appeared but nine against twenty-six.
6. Thomas Kettle and William Jervis did contrive
To make us six that was but five.

The first bell at Pangbourne has considerable ideas of its musical qualifications, for it says :

When we ring,
I sweetly sing.

Date 1720. At Bradfield, a grateful bell informs us that :

At proper times my voice I'll raise
And sound to my subscriber's praise.

A Shaftesbury bell is amazed at finding three extra companions in the belfry. It says :

I wonder great my eye I fix
Where was but three you may see six. (1684.)

At Quatt, in Staffordshire, is this curious epigraph :

I call the quick and dead
Prepare to church and bed.

Date 1700. The bells at Willenhall, Staffordshire, are evidently of an accommodating nature. They say :

We for other churches three
Are ready to make sound of glee.

We presume that this means that the neighbouring churches are without a peal of bells.

Change-ringing was not practised as an art till the seventeenth century, when Fabian Stedman introduced peals on five and six bells, since called Stedman's method, and was first rung (it is said) at St. Benet's, Cambridge, and afterwards at a church on College Hill, Doctor's Commons. In 1668, Stedman published a book entitled, *Tintinnalogia*, or the art of bell-ringing. A Mr. Benjamin Anable, who died in 1755, invented the method called Grandsire triples, which was subsequently improved upon by a Mr. Holt. Another composer of peals was Mr. Patrick, a maker of barometers in the beginning of the last century. The principal methods of peal-ringing are: Plain Bob, Grandsire, Treble Bob, Stedman's, &c. The changes rung on five bells are called Doubles, on six bells, Minor, on seven bells, Triples, on eight bells, Major, on nine bells, Caters, on ten bells, Royal, on eleven bells, Cinques, on twelve bells, Maximus. To the uninitiated, all these terms look mysterious. Bell-ringing is not at all an easy recreation, on the contrary, it requires a certain amount of physical exertion and scientific skill to ring a bell properly. To examine a book containing different methods of change-ringing, is like looking over a series of logarithm tables. In fact, change-ringing is quite a mathematical process. The management of the rope is no very slight accomplishment; as a certain curate found to his cost. A late number of the *Gentleman's Magazine* records the following good story. A remarkably righteous Rector who became suddenly aware of the profane natures of his bell-ringers, took counsel with his curates. The end of it was, that the bell-ringers were discharged, and the curates and a few of the choirmen agreed, next Sunday morning, to take their places. Now, none of these willing helpers had ever attempted bell-ringing before, and it was with some feelings of apprehension that each took his place and firmly grasped a rope. Slowly they began, and curious were the resulting sounds, till suddenly one of the curates, giving a more vigorous tug than usual, and keeping at the same time a firm grip of his rope, was entwined in

the curling coils, and with a face whiter than his surplice, he was carried up, as by a whirlwind, among the rafters; the friends he left below had hardly time to mourn his disappearance, before, with lightning-like rapidity, he rejoined them on earth, severely damaged and bleeding. The good Rector, who happened to come in at the moment of the upward flight, and had begun words of solemn warning about unseemly pantomime tricks, realized that his remarks were not appropriate. All ropes were, by the amateur ringers, speedily let go, doctors and a stretcher were fetched, and peaceful churchgoers met the unpleasant sight of the wounded curate being carried from the silent church. The curate, I am glad to say, recovered, and expressed in emphatic terms his conviction that if a man has a thick skull and great activity, and is willing to engage in such foolhardy occupation as bell-ringing, you should not be too exacting as to his character. A curious reminiscence of the christening of a bell, many years ago, at Marlborough, was related to the writer by an old and accomplished bell-ringer. One of the bells having been recast, it was thought necessary by the churchwardens, bell-ringers, &c., to baptize it, or at least to celebrate the event, by the nearest approach to the ceremony. Before the bell was hoisted up to its home in the belfry, it was filled (*horribile dictu*) with beer, which was ladled out to the surrounding bucolics. Whether the bell was hoisted into position on that auspicious occasion, I cannot say, but am inclined to think, after such deep potations—for the bell was a large one—that the operation would have been, to say the least, a difficult, if not a hazardous one. What a remarkable antithesis to the old solemn rite of blessing a bell! Those somewhat profane days, however, are past and gone, and a more decorous ritual is accorded to the introduction of bells into tower and belfry.

A story is told of a sexton of Lambourne parish church, Berkshire, who was ringing the "passing bell" as some neighbour was going by: the latter went into the church, to interrogate the sexton as to the ringing of the bell. "Who's dead?" queried the inquisitive neighbour. "Oh! no one is dead," replied the sexton, "it's only Jack Smith going to be buried." What a contrast to old Catholic days, when the "passing bell" was a signal for propitiatory prayer for those who were passing "through the valley of the shadow of death." The "passing bell" was merely a custom handed down from

days of yore, the object of which was unknown to this old Berkshire sexton. Nevertheless, it is pleasant to hear its name is still kept up, and that the old and pious custom has never died out, but has been handed down through generations, though the religion which inaugurated these ancient usages, has been long banished from the hearts of the people, and from these old village churches, which were built for and dedicated to Catholic worship ages ago. Truly the old bells, with

Those chimes that tell a thousand tales,
Sweet tales of olden times,
And ring a thousand memories,

are of more than ordinary interest to the descendants of the ancient faith, which once was the honour and glory of Old England. -

JAMES J. DOHERTY.

Irish Worthies of the Sixteenth Century.

FATHER THOMAS FILDE.

FATHER FILDE was for some years the companion of the Venerable Father Joseph Anchieta, "Apostle and Thaumaturgus of Brazil," in his apostolic journeys through that country; he was a witness, and in some measure an emulator of his labours, and an admiring spectator of his miracles.¹ He is erroneously called an Italian by Franco,² and a Scotchman by Charlevoix and Southey;³ but by others⁴ he is truly described as a native of Limerick. His birth-place is known by an entry in the Roman Novice-Book by Filde himself, which runs thus: "On the 6th of October, 1574, Thomas Phildius, a Limerick Irishman, twenty-five years of age, enters the Novitiate. His father, William, was a doctor of medicine, and his mother was Genet Creah. Both his parents are dead. He studied humanities for three years at Paris and Douay, and philosophy for three years at Louvain, where he became Master of Arts . . . under his own hand—Thomas Phildius." Another entry says: "April the 28th, 1575, Tomaso Fildio, an Irishman, and John Sate (read Yate), an Englishman, went on a pilgrimage to St. James of Gallicia, to pass from there to Brazil."

Thomas Filde was born at Limerick in the year 1548, or 1549, of Catholic parents, at whose house he most probably often saw the Nuncio, Father Woulfe, S.J., who resided at Limerick in those days. In order to preserve his faith, Thomas was sent to study at Paris, Douay, and Louvain, and he was received into the Society in Rome by Father Everard Mercurian. He showed such advancement and solidity in virtue, that, after

¹ "Itinerum comes et miraculorum admirator." (Del Techo, *Hist. Prov. Paraguaria*, Sketch of Father Filde, an. 1626.) "Rerum ab eo gestarum testis et ex parte emulatur." (Cordara, *Hist. S.J.* pars vi. p. 93.)

² Franco's *Annales Prov. Lusitanie*, S.J. p. 111.

³ Charlevoix' *Hist. du Paraguay*, Southey's *Hist. of Brazil*, vol. ii. p. 251.

⁴ Lozano's *Hist. del Paraguay*; Del Techo's *Hist. Prov. Paraguaria*, lib. viii. cap. 19; Cordara's *Hist. Soc. Jesu*, pars vi. p. 93.

six months in the Novitiate, he obtained leave to go on the Brazilian mission, left Rome on the 28th of April, 1575, the year of the Jubilee, and begged his way on foot from Rome to St. James of Compostella, and thence to Lisbon,¹ or Coimbra, with an English Jesuit novice named John Yate, from whose letters we learn some particulars of their movements. Yate writes: "After my departure from Rome in April, and coming into Portugal the October following, I remained there two years, the most part of them spent in Coimbra, in the ending of my noviceship, in renewing the study of the Latin tongue, and in beginning to hear the course of theology; but being ordered to come into this barbarous Brazil of this naked nation after the expiration of a half a year in Lisbon, in which place I heard cases of conscience, I safely arrived with many Fathers and brethren of our Society (amongst whom was the Yrishe man, and no other Englishe but I) on the last of December, 1577, at the city called the Bay of All Saints."² While in Portugal, the two novices made the acquaintance of Father Howling, to whom Father Yate often refers with gratitude in his letters as a correspondent who kept them acquainted with matters of interest that occurred in Europe.

We have found no letters of Father Filde's during the ten years of his journeyings with the Ven. Joseph Anchieta; but we may form some idea of his trials and labours from the life of that Apostle and from the letters of Father Yate. The latter says of himself: "I took Holy Orders in the beginning of the year 1581, since which time I have never ceased to exhort, preach, and teach the faith, and works of salvation, passing many perills of Riwers, & of diverse ferce pepull of different language in a mission upp to the woods and mountaynes almost fyve hundred miles from this place, from whence after tenne monethes space I returned wth the like daungers, bringing w^h me two hundred personnes all infidells, and had brought more then a thousand, yf the portiugalls that I dyd fynde in the sayed mountaynes had not hindred me w^h their deceytfull lyes thirstinge more the bondage of this pepull then their saluation. Such is their unsatiable covetines. In the which mission first going thitherward (not passing by villages, neither by the countries of Christians, but by lands of divers sorts of infidels of different speeches and customs, many of them living in the fields and woods like unto wild beasts), we passed many dangers

¹ Lozano, *Hist. del Paraguay*, an. 1626.² Bahia Todos-os-Santos.

of death by hunger and thirst ; making peace with the ignorant and beastly people for to pass more safely (nevertheless they killed four of our Christian disciples), and lying every night in the fields and woods, passing also rivers upon rotten trees and not in boats." But these troubles of Father Yate give only a faint idea of the hardships Father Filde had to undergo as companion of "the Apostle of the New World," for an account of whose laborious and wonderful career we must refer our readers to his Life written in English or to the pages of Robert Southey's *History of Brazil*. Of Father Filde's journey to Paraguay, and of his labours, adventures, and sufferings there, we have abundant details handed down by various writers. The first account we have of him was written by his fellow-novice and companion, the English Jesuit, Father Yate, to a holy and distinguished English Jesuit named Gibbons.

He says : "The news of Father Filde are these. Since that I wrote in my other letters of him in the year 1586, he was sent from St. Vincent's with other three of our Company into another country far from thence, which they call Tucuman, at the petition of the Bishop of that place unto our Father Provincial of this Brazil land. And in the way by sea, near unto the great river of Plate, they were taken by an English pirate, by name Robert Waddington, and very evilly handled by him, and robbed of all the things that they carried with them. Father Thomas Filde did always edify with his virtuous life and obedience all those with whom he was conversant ; unto whom I have sent the letter which your Reverence did send him ; and with the same I did send unto him his portion of the blessed grains and images that came into my hands, as also the roll of his countrymen that be of our Company. While he was in this Brazil land he took not the Holy Order of priesthood ; as I do hear he took the same in the place where he is now resident, which is as far from hence as Portugal is from hence."¹ Robert Southey thus narrates how this mission was established :

"In 1586, Don Francisco de Victoria, first Bishop of Tucuman, seeing the lamentable state of religion in his diocese, wrote to the two Provincials of the Company in Brazil and Peru, requesting that they would send some of their Order to his assistance : the Bishop was a Dominican, and this appli-

¹ Father Yate's three letters published in full by Brother Foley in *Records of the English Province S.J.* Series I. pp. 286, seq.

cation shows how highly the Jesuits were at that time esteemed. Anchieta was Provincial of Brazil when the application arrived there. He deputed five Fathers upon this mission. Leonardo Arminio, an Italian, was their Superior, the others were Fathers Salonio, Thomas Filde, a Scotchman, Estevam de Grao, and Manoel de Ortega, both Portuguese. After falling into the hands of English sea-rovers, and experiencing, after the manner of Jesuits, many miraculous interpositions in their favour, they landed at Buenos Ayres, and crossed the plains to Cordoba, where they met their brethren from Peru, of whose coming they had no previous intimation. Whereupon Arminio and Grao returned to Brazil, but left the others who differed from him in opinion. Ortega remained at Cordoba with Barsena of Peru, and Salonio and Filde accompanied Father Angulo to Santiago. Sometime after de Ortega and Filde were sent to some tribes upon the Rio Vermejo of the Toconote race; they were helped by Father Barzena, who had composed a grammar of that language. When he fell sick, they went to Paraguay, where their knowledge of the Tupi tongue would enable them to be usefully employed among the Guarani tribes. They were received at the city of the Asuncion with every mark of distinction and joy. Salonio remained at Asuncion. De Ortega and Filde went down the Paraguay and entered the province of Guayra, spent some months in the country, and returning to Asuncion, informed Salonio that they had seen two hundred thousand Indians who appeared proper subjects for the Kingdom of Heaven. A pestilence was at this time, 1588, raging at Asuncion and in the adjacent country. Pestilences, says Charlevoix, are the harvests of the ministers of God; he hints that the Jesuits were favoured on this occasion with supernatural celerity in passing from one place to another and affirms that they baptized six thousand Indians at the point of death. The zeal and intrepid charity with which they sought out the infected and ministered to the dying, confirmed the good repute which they had obtained. A chapel and a dwelling-house were built for them at Villa Rica in 1590, being their first establishment in Paraguay, and three years afterwards the magistrates and people of Asuncion applied to the King, to the General of the Company and to the Provincial in Peru, for permission to found a Jesuit college in their city.¹

"Ortega and Filde continued many years in Guayra itiner-

¹ Southey's *History of Brazil*, vol. ii. pp. 251, 267.

ating among the savages, until in 1602, Ortega, on a false accusation, was thrown into prison by order of the Inquisition at Lima.

"When in 1600, Father Paiz, the Visitor from Europe, had summoned the Jesuits of Paraguay to meet him at Salda to deliberate on the best mode of carrying on the missions, Filde was left at Asuncion. His age and infirmities made him unequal to the fatigue of the journey, and he remained in possession of their premises. It was perhaps foreseen that this might be an important service. Certain members of another Order, who wished to establish themselves there, had cast a covetous eye upon their neighbour's house, and, presuming upon the rumour that the Company would not return, they proposed to Filde that he should sell the property. The old Father resisted their importunities, referring them always to his Superior, Father Romero. Had Filde died, these religious would easily have obtained permission to occupy the Jesuit premises. Romero perceived the danger, and sent Fathers Lorenzana and Cataldino to the assistance of Father Filde. In 1610, Lorenzana and Cataldino travelled by land from Villa Rica to the Paranapane, embarked upon that river, and proceeded between the tall cedar-forests upon its shores to the spot where it receives the Pirapé. Here they found about two hundred families whom Ortega and Filde had baptized, and with them they formed the first of those settlements to which the general appellation of Reductions was now first given. This they called Loretto, as it was the cradle of the Christian Republic of the Guaranis."¹

Such is Southey's general sketch of the establishment of the famous Jesuit missions of Paraguay. It may be supplemented with some interesting details concerning Father Filde.

When the venerable Father Anchieta was asked by the Bishop of Tucuman to send Jesuits to his diocese, the Apostle of the New World was delighted to see new paths open to the Gospel, and got permission from Father General to send five select men on that perilous and laborious mission. These were Armini, a Neapolitan, Saloni, a Spaniard, Filde, an Irishman, and two Portuguese named de Ortega and de Grao: all most experienced in the sublime ministry of souls, to which they had devoted themselves with singular zeal and great results, all brought up in the apostolic school of which Anchieta

¹ Southey, pp. 258, 259.

was the master. They set sail joyfully on the Rio de Janeiro, and, after a prosperous voyage, came in sight of the land to which their wishes were wafting them. They were in the Rio de la Plata and felt free from all fear of the English sea-rovers, when they discovered two sails,¹ which were those of the cruel corsair, Cavendish. The English boarded the Portuguese merchantman, treated the passengers and crew with some humanity, but wreaked all their fury on the Jesuits, insulted them, "evil handled them," and cast them on the desert island of Lobos to die of hunger. They took them back again to hang them to the yard-arm. They searched them, and finding Agnus Deis, they threw them about the deck, uttering foul blasphemies against the Vicar of Christ. When one sailor, who was somewhat tipsy, began to trample on the Agnus Deis, and while he was being prevented by Father de Ortega from continuing the sacrilege, he knocked against the side of the ship and cut his head slightly. Thereupon the other sailors surrounded the Father, kicked him, and threw him overboard. They then fell upon the venerable Father Filde, and were proceeding to throw him into the sea, shouting out that he was an Irish Papist and Jesuit and preacher of Papist doctrines. But as some one suggested that it would be better to make all five hang and dance together from the yard-arm, they took in Father Ortega, who was swimming near the ship. This inconstancy of the pirates saved the priests, as the sacrilegious sailor got a swelling on the foot with which he had trampled on the Agnus Deis. From this inflammation spread over his whole leg, which had to be cut off, and the virus creeping through his entire frame caused him excruciating pain, and killed him in less than twenty-four hours. The pirates were frightened at this, and, resolving to wash their hands out of the Jesuits, confided them to the mercy of the waves in a boat without rudder, oars, or sails, and left them to be tossed about and die of hunger in these wide waters.

The Fathers were protected by God, as were St. Mary Magdalen and her companions when similarly exposed in the Mediterranean, and against all human expectation they drifted into the port of Buenos Ayres. Amongst many things they had with them on board the Portuguese vessel was a head of one of St. Ursula's virgin martyrs, which they intended to place in the first church that should be founded by them in

¹ Father Yate writes: "Thomas Candishe came with two shippes."

Tucuman. It was hidden by them in a secure spot, and escaped the eyes of the sea-rovers, but could not be found in the same place by the Fathers.¹

When it was heard at Cordova that they had reached Buenos Ayres, almost dead with hunger and cold, they were met by the Bishop of Paraguay, who pressed them to go to the Asuncion where their Brazilian speech was well understood, in place of labouring in Tucuman where they would have to learn many tongues. But as they had been sent to Tucuman by Father Anchieta, they started for Cordova, its capital, early in April, 1587. Father Filde and three other Fathers went to convert the numerous tribes of pagans that peopled the banks of the Rio Salado. One of their number who spoke the Tonocote language, was teaching it to his companions, and preaching to the natives when he fell ill from overwork, and was taken back to St. Jago. So Filde, de Ortega, and Saloni being deprived of their teacher, and not knowing Tonocote, held a consultation, in which, after fervent prayer, they resolved to go to Paraguay, the language of which they spoke. They travelled nine hundred miles partly by land, partly by the Argentine and Paraguay Rivers, evangelizing as they journeyed on, and on August 11, 1588, they reached a place nine miles from the town of Asuncion. The Governor of the Province and other gentlemen went out to meet and welcome them. The Indians seeing the respect of the Spaniards for those priests, conceived a high opinion of them, which grew greater when they considered the sympathy which the Fathers showed for them, the zeal with which they instructed them, the courage with which they protected them from Spanish oppression, and the disinterestedness and devotedness with which they had come so far, and through so many dangers, for the sole purpose of saving their souls. The neighbouring Indians hearing of these three holy men went to see them, and were delighted to hear them speak the Guarani language.

But as the Spaniards were in a sad state in and around the town, the Fathers set to work at once to reform them, preaching

¹ Cavendish lost five out of six vessels in these waters some time afterwards, and, as Father Yate says, "went his wayes, whither no one knoweth, with one only, well whipped with the scourge of God for the irreverence he committed against His Divine Majestie and His saints, especiallie against a hollie headd of one of the eleven thousand virgins of England." (Letter to Sir F. Englefield, published by Brother Foley.)

to them, catechizing, hearing confessions, often spending whole days and nights in the tribunals of mercy, and scarcely ever allowing themselves more than one or two hours' rest. They converted the whole town. Then they turned to the Indians in and around Asuncion; instructed them, administered the sacraments to them; on Sundays and feast-days they got them to walk in procession, singing pious Guarani hymns. They then went to two distant Indian villages, and evangelized them, and after that Fathers Filde and de Ortega went and preached the Gospel through all the Indian tribes from Asuncion to Ciudad Real del Guayra, and produced most abundant fruit. These two invincible champions¹ of the faith, having reconciled to God the city of Asuncion, went out to fight the battles of the Lord, and were followed by the tears and regrets of the citizens—all, gentle and simple, accompanied them for some distance; even the little children wished to go with them. The two Fathers crossed the Paraguay; as worthy disciples of the apostolic Father Anchieta, they travelled four hundred and fifty miles on foot through immense forests and marshes. On entering an Indian village they used to inquire how many were its inhabitants, how many were Christians, when, and where, and how, and by whom they were baptized, and they noted all down carefully. This was very necessary, as the Indians thought they were Christians if they touched holy water, or kissed the hand of a priest, or took a Spanish name. How untiring the Fathers were in their zeal may be seen from the work of one of their days.

At daybreak one of them said Mass while the other heard confessions; after his thanksgiving he too heard confessions till the hour for the *Missa Cantata*, which was celebrated as solemnly as possible in these deserts in order to attract the Indians; there was a sermon at Mass, and after Mass began the laborious and difficult task of catechizing till mid-day. In the afternoon they baptized the catechumens, administered the Sacrament of Marriage, and went about engaging the savages to give up some primitive and patriarchal customs. They did this with such tact and charity that the natives were won by them, treated them most hospitably, and, at the conclusion of each mission, begged them with tears to return to them soon again, and sent men to clear the way for them through

¹ The foregoing and following details are taken from de Lozano's *Hist. del Paraguay*.

thick woods, guide them safely through treacherous swamps, and accompany them to the next tribe of Indians.

At about ninety miles from the first Indian village lived a barbarous race, in almost impenetrable forests and among rocks almost inaccessible. They were brave and robust; but never worked, and spent their time in dancing and singing. The Fathers sent two Christian natives to them with presents, and with promises of good things if they came out of their fastnesses to them; and in the meantime they prayed fervently that God would draw these poor people to them. Their prayers were heard, and the head Cacique came to them, with some of his men, dressed in war-paint of various colours and wearing long flowing hair, which had never been cut, with a crown of high plumes on his head. These savages were at first very shy in presence of the two strangers, but were soon attracted to them by the kindness of their looks and actions: they were converted, and promised to lead a good life and to prevail on the rest of their tribe to do likewise. The Cacique was induced to remain with the Fathers, while his attendants and forty Indians recently baptized were despatched to bring out the members of his tribe. At the end of a fortnight, they brought with them three hundred and fifty men, women, and children, who seemed on the verge of starvation. Many children died of hunger the day of their arrival, after receiving the Sacrament of Baptism; the survivors were formed into a *pueblo*, were baptized, and led a holy and happy life.

When Fathers Filde and de Ortega arrived at the village most remote from Asuncion and not far from Ciudad Real, they were met by the Alguacil Mayor, who, accompanied by five soldiers and many Indians, brought refreshments, and letters from the Cabilde and the Justicia Mayor, in which they gave expression to the happiness they felt at the approach of the missionaries, and to the desire of the inhabitants of Ciudad Real to be visited by them, as they had not seen a priest for more than twelve months, during which time some Spaniards and many Indians had died without the sacraments. The Fathers promised to go to the town, accepted thankfully the presents, and gave them to the poor and infirm of the tribe they were then evangelizing, among whom in the space of one month they baptized a thousand catechumens and performed four hundred marriages. Having induced these savages to give up their wild life in the woods, they passed on to the

River Igatuni, a tributary of the Parana, and found there large canoes ready to take them to Ciudad Real, which was seventy-five miles away. Arriving at that town on the feast of St. John the Baptist, 1589, they were welcomed with great manifestations of joy and with great firing of cannon. Without taking a moment's rest, they went straight to the church, heard many confessions, gave Holy Communion, and one of them sang High Mass, at which the other preached with such extraordinary zeal and energy that the hearers felt as if it were God Himself who was speaking to them. That very day they gave Extreme Unction and the Viaticum to a Spaniard who had been ill and in danger of death for a whole year, and who died immediately after receiving the last sacraments, having been so long preserved by the Father of mercies that he might be released from his sins. They also baptized many pagans, performed the ceremony of marriage for many Spaniards and many Indians who had been living in a state of concubinage; instructed those ignorant of religion, extinguished long-standing animosities, and put an end to many scandals. The townspeople were so edified by their virtues, that they pressed them to remain and wanted to found a house of the Society in that place. But Fathers Filde¹ and de Ortega did not wish to narrow their sphere of action, and, at the end of a month's mission there, they went forth again to pour the treasures of grace on other parts of the province; they evangelized the numerous tribes between Ciudad Real and Villa Rica, baptized all the infidels who dwell along the banks of the Rio Hiubay, banished drunkenness and polygamy from among them, protected them against the oppressions of the Spaniard; and after many hardships and labours reached Villa Rica, and were there received with great solemnity. Triumphal arches were put up and the most fragrant flowers of that delightful country were displayed to do them honour. With military music and singing and other demonstrations of joy and welcome, they were conducted in procession to the church, where they declared the object of their mission. They remained four months at Villa Rica, working with untiring zeal, instructing the Spaniards whom they found ignorant of the truths and practices of religion, and doing all in their power to put in the souls of the colonists sentiments of mercy and kindness towards the poor Indians

¹ Crétineau-Joly calls him "Tom Filds." (*Hist. de la Compagnie de Jésus*, t. iii. p. 287.)

of their *Encomiendas*, whom they were accustomed to treat as slaves.

The people of Villa Rica were most anxious to keep these holy men among them, they used every argument that their anxiety could suggest, and supported their arguments with entreaties and tears. The Fathers promised to return, but said the greater glory of God called on them to go and organize a mission among the two hundred thousand pagans of Guaranía. They went down the River Hiubay, and, as they were rowed along, were affectionately saluted by the many Indian Christians whom they had begotten in Christ, and who came to the banks of the river to wish them a happy journey. They did not stop on their voyage, except occasionally to administer the last sacraments to an Indian in danger of death. When Filde and de Ortega reached Asuncion, they were received in triumph, and were doubly welcome, as a dreadful pestilence, which was spreading over all the country from Carthagená to the Straits of Magellan, had just broken out in the town, where many Spaniards, and two thousand two hundred Indians fell victims to it, sometimes dying at the rate of one or two hundred a day. The two missionaries put themselves under the orders of Father Saloni, their Superior, and with him worked day and night in the spiritual and bodily service of the plague-stricken. When hearing the confessions of the dying, they would be called by messengers from ten different houses to prepare for death a father, mother, brother, sister, or servant, and not being able to judge of the cases that were most urgent, they went wherever the spirit moved them. When entering a house, they often found ten or fourteen persons stricken down, and without any one to help them ; so they got up a pious sodality to help them in the care of the sick, while they had to devote themselves to the care of souls. The work was so heavy, that they frequently had not time to celebrate the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, which was an extreme privation to men of their virtue. In the eight months during which the plague raged, they heard about fifteen thousand confessions, and instructed and baptized more than fifteen hundred infidels. Yet notwithstanding all their labours, and their want of food and sleep, they did not suffer much in health, and when the pest began to abate at Asuncion, Filde and de Ortega, in spite of the entreaties and resistance of the people, went off to the help of Ciudad Real and Villa Rica, and of the Indians whom they had recently converted to Christ.

Among the savage tribes through which they travelled, they found that there was no one to give even a drop of water to the sick, or to bury the dead. They heard ten thousand confessions, buried ten thousand people with their own hands, and baptized about four thousand pagans between Asuncion and Ciudad Real. The Indians used to dig their own graves before being stricken down, and come and say, "Father, bury me and my wife and children in this spot." The two Fathers acted not only as priests, but as the doctors, infirmarians, servants, and slaves of these poor people. The natives were so much frightened by the pest, that by some kind of fascination they ran into the very jaws of death. From places not yet attacked, they hurried towards the plague-stricken districts, to be baptized; and some of them died on the way, and many after Baptism.

While the Fathers were thus employed, messengers came from Villa Rica and Ciudad Real, imploring their instant help, as the plague was about to rage among them. They went to Ciudad Real, which was nearest, reached it on the feast of the Nativity, 1590, remained there forty days, hearing the women's confessions in the church by day, and the men at night. They heard two thousand five hundred confessions, baptized about a thousand infidels, and performed the ceremony of marriage in one hundred and forty cases where people were living together without the sanction of the Sacrament of Marriage.

Meanwhile the pest was at work in the town of Villa Rica, and many died without the comforts of religion. The *Cabilde* sent messengers again and again to the Fathers, begging of them to come. On the 12th of October, 1590, he wrote: "For the love of Jesus Christ crucified we beg and implore of your Reverences to have pity on our extreme spiritual and temporal necessities. We have no hopes save in you, and we will appear with confidence before God's tribunal when prepared by you. Remember your charity to us last year . . ."

The Fathers could not resist this appeal, and having selected, and sent some pious Spaniards and intelligent Christian Indians to baptize children among the pagan tribes, they parted from the people of Ciudad, who were sorely grieved at being left by the Fathers in the hands of death. In their first day's journey, they found a tribe dreadfully afflicted with the plague. Father Ortega remained to look after the spiritual wants of these and other tribes on the way, while Father Filde hastened on to Villa Rica. There the Fathers were received as angels from

Heaven ; day and night they laboured for nine months, during which the pest raged with fury in and around the town. They baptized six thousand five hundred infidels, of whom four thousand died at Villa Rica, they buried four thousand one hundred and sixty people with their own hands, solemnized two thousand eight hundred marriages, and composed a short Guarani catechism of things necessary to be known. The natives came in from all quarters to receive Baptism, of whom about two thousand died on the way, while the others were affectionately received by the Fathers, and were by them instructed and baptized.

When the fury of the plague was spent, Filde and de Ortega went forth to preach the Name of Jesus to those who had never heard of it before ; and among five tribes who had never been visited by a priest they baptized two thousand seven hundred pagans, performed the ceremony of marriage in one thousand nine hundred cases. In and around another village they baptized five hundred people, and married six hundred couples who were living together without the bonds of matrimony. They went through other tribes, or villages, performing the same works of their ministry, and at length, after a mission of six months, they returned to Villa Rica to make their retreat, after which they exercised their ministry there for two months.

In the midst of these stupendous and superhuman labours, it is no wonder they had no time to write to Brazil or to Rome, and hence we read in the *Annual Letters of the Society of Jesus* : "Year 1591. There are three Fathers in Paraguay, who, it appears, have been sent from Brazil. No letters have been received from them this year ; but it has been ascertained that they traverse many and vast regions, and are bringing many thousands of barbarians to the fold of Christ, a work in which they are much helped by their knowledge of the Guarani language." "Year 1592. Father Solani sent Fathers de Ortega and Thomas (Filde) to the Guaranis, and it is known that they converted more than two thousand of them." "Year 1594. Father Thomas Filde and Father de Ortega were sent into the province of Guayra, which lies between Paraguay and Brazil ; they have a Residence established at Villa Rica, and from thence they go out on missions to give spiritual help to innumerable peoples."¹

¹ *Litteræ Annue Soc. Jesu. an. 1591, 1592, 1594.*

After their retreat and apostolic labours at Villa Rica, these two Fathers went forth and converted a nation of ten thousand Indian warriors, *Indios de guerra*, called Ibirayâras, who for clothing were contented with a coat of war-paint, and delighted in feeding on the flesh of their fellow-man. The Fathers had the happiness of rescuing many prisoners from being fattened, cooked, and eaten by these cannibals. They then baptized three thousand four hundred of another tribe ; but before the work of conversion, Filde's companion narrowly escaped being murdered, and thirty of their neophytes were put to death by some wicked caciques.

At Ober-Ammergau in 1890.

PART THE THIRD.

No interval divides the second from the third part of the play at Ober-Ammergau. The Schutzgeister come once more upon the stage, pointing out the similarity between Isaac carrying to the place of sacrifice the wood with which his body was to be consumed, and Christ bearing the wood on which He was to die. The curtain rises disclosing Isaac toiling up Mount Moriah, the faggots for the sacrifice upon his back. The Cross, the chorus say, became the Tree of Life, and as from the brazen serpent uplifted in the wilderness by Moses—of which a most effective tableau now is shown—there came salvation to those who looked upon it, so from the Cross came comfort and salvation to the Christian.

The chorus leave, and then commences the most affecting portion of the play. As in the previous act, all three divisions of the stage are utilized together to produce a spectacle which once seen cannot be forgotten. Along the street by Pilate's house comes the sad group from Bethany—St. John, Joseph of Arimathea, Mary Magdalen, the Blessed Virgin—all sad, all anxious about the fate of Christ, which they have come to ascertain. "O beloved disciple," asks our Lady of St. John, "how can it have fared with my Jesus?" John tells her that the priests cannot obtain their wishes without the Governor's consent, and comforts her with hopes that Pilate will not condemn her Son, as He has done nothing but good deeds continually. Magdalen prays God to direct Pilate's heart aright, and Mary asks them to go with her that she may see her Son once more; but John explains that no one is allowed to see Him, and they can only make inquiries concerning Him.

While this is taking place in the street upon the left side of the stage, a noisy, boisterous crowd is filling the further portion of the street which passes by the house of Annas. At first we do not see exactly what it means: a centurion and some

Roman soldiers surrounded by a crowd are all we can discern. The crowd comes into view but slowly, yet soon we realize that almost in its forefront is Christ, making His last dread journey to His doom. The crowd comes nearer, slowly, very slowly, for He whom they are urging on to die is already almost dying beneath the heavy Cross which painfully, and scarce able to support it, He tries to carry. Now we see the thieves, each carrying his cross, but fresh and strong, behind the fainting Saviour. Around are Roman soldiers, and behind the standard-bearer, mounted on a snow-white horse, upholds aloft the ensign blazoned with S.P.Q.R. About these sway a rough, excited crowd, who urge the executioners to force Christ on, that they may the sooner enjoy the spectacle of His death. Mingled with this crowd walk Annas, Caiphas, and Nathaniel, and all the Council and the leading traders. The executioners, four stalwart men with arms bared and clad in tightly fitting clothes, are much more merciful than the priests and the crowd. One asks Christ whether the burden is too heavy for Him, another tells the crowd He cannot support the heavy weight of the Cross.

All this has happened before the group within the other street is conscious of the presence of the approaching crowd; but now they hear the noise, and taking counsel of each other, decide to remain where they are, until the uproar, whatever be its nature, ceases. Meanwhile Simon of Cyrene, who with a flat basket slung upon his arm has come to market, approaches through the centre street. Christ, exhausted, pauses on His weary way at the end of the street of Annas, and the Jew Assuerus rushes from his house, bidding Him away: this, he says, is no place for repose. Simon, startled by the outcry of the crowd, stands still. The crowd surrounding Christ now turns the corner of the street and enters on the open stage. The Saviour's strength has been completely spent. He labours painfully to bear the Cross, beneath the weight of which He totters, making with tremendous effort but one step forward at a time, while the executioners walk on either side holding the extremities of a rope which they have tied around His waist. He at length falls prostrate, and would be crushed beneath the weight of the Cross but that, as He falls, the executioners, throwing their strength upon the rope, drag Him, Cross and all, bodily up again upon His feet.

At first the anxious group watching from the end of the street where Pilate dwells do not recognize the central figure of the

crowd, but John tells them that some one is being led to Calvary for execution. The Mother sees the Victim first, and with a wailing cry which those who heard will long remember, swoons and falls into the arms of her friends, saying, "It is my Son!" She sees Him just before He falls. He has not yet seen her. When He is dragged once more upon His feet, the Centurion, moved with pity, takes the flask he carries at his side and hands it to the Saviour, telling Him to drink. Christ takes the flask, and in the act of raising it to His parched lips, He sees His Mother. Few indeed who see the play are likely to forget the pathos of this moment. A look of yearning love and sorrow overspreads the features of the Saviour, as He gazes from beneath the Cross at His beloved Mother. The upraised arm is stayed, then falls,—the wine unheeded, the awful thirst forgotten in the still more awful agony of soul. He motions to the officer that He cannot drink; the latter takes the flask from Him, and tells Him, if He will not drink, He must go on.

The Mother now recovers consciousness, and sees Jesus led to death like a malefactor between malefactors. John tries tenderly to comfort her. "It is the hour He Himself foretold; it is the Father's will." They drive Him roughly on, and from His Mother comes the piteous cry, "Oh, where is any sorrow like to my sorrow?"

One of the executioners calls attention to His extreme weakness, and seeing Simon of Cyrene, they seize him, and compel him to bear the Cross. Simon resists until he catches sight of Christ. At sight of Him he joyfully takes up the Cross, asking the Saviour that he may be worthy of doing this service for Him; and Jesus answers, "God's blessing be on thee and thine." Christ still is fainting with exhaustion, and a priest maliciously taunts Him with His weakness. The executioners shake Him roughly, but the Centurion again befriends Him, saying, "Let Him rest; we will wait longer, that He may recover before He ascends the mountain." This annoys Caiphas, who impatiently inquires, when they will arrive at Calvary. Veronica, who with some other women of Jerusalem has come down the centre street, now kneels to Christ, offering her handkerchief, and bidding Him to wipe the blood and sweat from off His face with it. He does so, and returns her the handkerchief, telling her that her compassion will be rewarded by His Eternal Father. The women who are with her kneel round in tears, but Christ tells them to weep not for Him, but for themselves

and for their children. The Centurion, anxious to proceed, orders the women to be driven off; the order is obeyed, and the mournful procession pursues on its way.

Slowly and sadly the little group from Bethany follow the noisy and exultant crowd, and as it passes up the stage the curtain closes on the scene.

The consummation now approaches: no tableau is exhibited. This shows the thought bestowed upon the play, that no attempt is made to typify the awful moment in which, by that unexampled sacrifice, God Incarnate redeemed the world.

The chorus step upon the stage, their glittering crowns and brilliant robes replaced by deepest black. The hosts of Heaven are mourning for the event that is taking place on earth. Their song begins, inviting devout souls to come to Calvary and see the Saviour. They draw a picture of Christ as He lies outstretched upon the Cross, of the pangs borne by His quivering limbs, and the cruel wounds the nails are making through His hands and feet. As they reach this passage, the blows of the hammer are heard behind the curtain, and their dull dead sound prepares the imagination of the audience for the scene about to be disclosed.

The Schutzgeister retire, and the curtain opens. The thieves are already raised upon their crosses, but tied, not nailed, with their arms passed over and behind the horizontal beam and lashed to it by cords, their legs being also tied to the upright member of the cross. Christ is stretched upon His Cross, which lies upon the ground, large nails passed through His hands and feet, the crown of thorns upon His head, a white cloth wrapped around His loins. Around stand those who persecuted Him to death, Caiphas, Annas, and the priests and Pharisees; the Roman standard-bearer and guard are there to see the sentence carried out, and behind these one sees His sorrow-stricken Mother and her friends.

As the curtain opens, the executioners, who have already crucified the thieves, say jestingly: "Now must the King of the Jews be lifted up." This irritates the priests, who say: "No King—deceiver! traitor!" The Centurion orders one of the executioners to fasten to the Cross a scroll, on which some words are written; and this done, they seize the heavy Cross, and putting forth all their strength, uplift it with its heavy burden and plant it upright in the hole dug for it

in the ground. Then the Centurion, turning to the priests and Pharisees, tells them that now the sentence has been executed, and receives their thanks from Caiphas. But their gratitude is short-lived; for the aged Annas, observing the inscription, inquires what it is. A rabbi who has approached the Cross starts back, exclaiming it is an insult to the Sanhedrim and the people. They read, and find the Romans have described Him whose life they are engaged in taking, as "Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews." Caiphas, bursting with indignation, says this inscription touches the honour of the nation; and the angry priests cry out to tear it down forthwith. Caiphas prudently says, "No, we must not lay hands on it ourselves. Go," he tells two priests, "to the Governor, and demand in the Council's name and in the people's that this superscription be altered to: 'He said I am King of the Jews.' Make also the request that the bones of the condemned be broken early in the evening, and their bodies taken down."

Meanwhile the executioners have proceeded to divide their spoil. They take Christ's mantle, and grasping each a corner, all pull together, and rend it in four parts; they then lift His seamless garment and examine it. One says it has no seam, and it should not be torn. Another says it would be better to cast lots for it. They all agree to this, and sitting down upon the stage beneath the Cross they throw their dice.

The priests despatched to Pilate have now returned, and their embassy was vain. He would not listen to them, and sent back the message, "What I have written I have written." The angry Caiphas asks what command he gave concerning the breaking of the bones. The rabbi tells him Pilate said his orders would be given to the Centurion. The priests now vent their wrath upon their Victim by standing around mocking Him. "So," says one, "it is written over Thee, 'King of the Jews.' If Thou art King of Israel, come down from the Cross, that we may see Thee and believe." Another bids Him save Himself, since He would destroy the Temple and build it in three days. "Ha!" exclaims Caiphas, "Thou savedst others, Thyself Thou canst not save." "If Thou be the Son of God," says one of those who witnessed against Christ before the Sanhedrim, "come down from the Cross." "He trusted in God," cries Annas, "let Him deliver Him if He would have Him." The executioners, addressing Christ,

ask if He hears them not, and challenge Him to show His power.

The Saviour, who has hitherto hung silent upon the Cross through all the jeers and jibes flung at Him by the angry Jews, now slowly lifts His head, which hitherto has been bowed down upon His breast, and looking, not at them, but upwards to the Father, speaks the first words He has uttered since His Crucifixion: "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do." Again His head sinks down, and the unrepentant thief echoes the jeers of those beneath, but is rebuked by his companion, who turns to Jesus and prays to be remembered by Him, receiving in answer the assurance that that very day he should be with Him in Paradise.

"Hear ye," cries the now exasperated Caiphas, "He speaks as if He had the power to open the gates of Paradise," and a rabbi marvels that their Victim's high-mindedness has not left Him as He hangs helpless upon the Cross. While this is taking place, His Mother and St. John have made their way through the crowd, and now stand beneath the Cross. Christ sees them, and saying to our Lady, "Woman, behold thy son," and to St. John, "Son, behold thy Mother," speaks for the last time upon earth to His Mother and His beloved disciple. Our Lady, with hands clasped in adoration, looks up to Him. "Even in death," she says, "Thou thinkest of Thy Mother." John tells her that this last request of Christ's shall be held sacred. "Thou," he says, "art my Mother; I am thy son."

Again the head has sunk upon the breast; the end is fast approaching. At length, He partly lifts His head, and then, stealing through the silence in which is hushed the whole vast audience, comes the plaintive cry, "I thirst," and no one who has not heard that cry come from the Cross at Ober-Ammergau can realize the pitiful and moving pathos thrown into it by Joseph Mayr. The Centurion, out of a flask slung by his side, pours drink upon a sponge, and motions to an executioner, who, fixing the sponge upon a lance, raises it close to the dying Saviour. He touches with His lips the sponge, but does not drink. The stillness of the awful scene remains unbroken, till again there rises from the Cross the bitter cry, "*Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani?*" The priests and people mistake the words; they think He calls upon Elias, and Caiphas cruelly laughs, saying they now shall see whether Elias will come and save Him. The dying Saviour's strength is ebbing fast. The body,

hanging helpless from the Cross, is motionless, and the head still droops upon the breast, but now begins the muscular convulsions about the region of the throat and chest which precede death. They last awhile, and then the expiring flame of life leaps up in one last effort, and the Saviour lifts His head, and calling to the Father, "It is finished! Father, into Thy hands I commend my Spirit," dies.

The thorn-crowned head falls forward, and a crashing noise is heard, the inner stage is darkened, and behind the crosses banks of lurid cloud replace the view from Calvary. The people, terror-stricken, fly the place, some calling upon God to pardon them. Almost instantly the scene of the great tragedy is deserted by all the actors in it except the executioners and soldiers, and the little knot of faithful women who remain at the foot of the Cross, while Caiphas, Annas, and the Council, who, frightened but unconverted, form a group apart.

The awe-stricken Centurion remarks upon His patience in His intense sufferings, His noble peace, and fervent cries to Heaven. "All," he says, "betokened His high origin. Surely He was the Son of God!"

The priests are of another mind, and as they stand consulting, a messenger from the city rushes in to tell them that the Temple's veil has just been rent in twain. They lift up their hands in consternation at the news, and Annas, pointing to the dead Christ on the Cross, says He has done this through His magic art, and it is well He is out of the world, since even now He sets the elements in confusion. They must hasten home, he says, to see what has happened, and again return to take care that this man's bones are broken, and His body laid within the grave of the transgressors. With this intention the priests and Council quit the stage. Nicodemus, who knows of their desire, asks Joseph if the sacred body shall be so dishonoured. The latter answers, that he will go straight to Pilate, and beg the body from him. He departs upon this errand, and Nicodemus goes to fetch the spices for embalming the remains, leaving the holy women and the executioners alone upon the stage.

Here a messenger from Pilate enters, telling the Centurion that the bones of the crucified must be broken, and their bodies taken down before the dusk. The latter gives the order, telling the executioner to break the thieves' bones first. They rear the ladders against the crosses of the

thieves, then climb up and with clubs proceed to smash the thighs and arms of the criminals, giving them a final blow upon the chest which kills. The Blessed Virgin, terrified by the sight, cries piteously: "Oh, my Jesus! will they so cruelly treat Thy sacred body?" and Magdalen, throwing herself between the Cross upon which hangs the body of her Master and an executioner, who armed with his club approaches it, earnestly beseeches him to spare the sacred body of the Redeemer this last indignity. The man sees Christ is dead, and tells the others there is now no need to break His bones. Another interfering, says that to make certain he will pierce His heart. He poises his long lance and with it stabs the Saviour in the side, and as the blade is drawn from out the flesh, the blood and water trickles down His sacred side. John and the holy women shudder at the sight, and Magdalen says the spear has also pierced her heart.

The Centurion now directs the body to be taken down and placed, as ordered, in the malefactor's grave. This prospect is a fresh affliction to Christ's Holy Mother, and she seeks to save His sacred body from this new outrage. Magdalen interposes, asking the Centurion whether they may not pay the last sad honours to their friend. No, it is not within his power to grant them this permission. The priests return, having seen the ruin wrought within the Temple. This inflames their hatred, and they are more than ever determined to pursue the dead Christ with all the ignominy they can heap upon His body. But Joseph of Arimathea enters, accompanied by a messenger who brings an order from Pilate to the Centurion that he shall deliver up the body of Christ to Joseph. This comforts the Virgin Mother and her friends. The priests are furious. Caiphas meditates resistance, but the Centurion tells him firmly that the order given admits of no contradiction, and taking with him the executioners and the guard departs, leaving the body of Christ still hanging on the Cross, at the foot of which the group from Bethany stand face to face with Caiphas and the angry priests.

The latter denounce Joseph and Nicodemus, who has now returned. Caiphas curses them, threatening that they shall be stripped of their honours and banned by the whole Council. Annas tells the priests to be upon their guard, because in His lifetime the deceiver said that after three days He would rise again. They hold a consultation and resolve to beg of

Pilate a guard of soldiers to watch the grave of Christ for the three days, in order to make certain that His body should not within that time be interfered with by His friends. On this errand they depart, leaving the holy women and their friends alone.

As the priests quit the scene, the Holy Mother, looking up to the body of her Son, says that His work is finished, He has returned to the bosom of His Father. "He is not far away from us," answers Magdalen. "We have His promise that He will soon return." Then Mary seats herself upon a stone at a little distance from the Cross, while preparations are being made by Joseph and Nicodemus with Simon of Bethany and Lazarus to lower from the rood the sacred body of the Saviour. They plant the ladders sideways, one in front and one behind, and Nicodemus scales the latter until he stands behind the summit of the Cross. He then unfolds a lengthy linen bandage that he has carried up, and passing its centre across the breast and under the arms of the Redeemer, throws its ends on either side over the horizontal member of the Cross, from which they hang down to the ground. Then reverently he lifts the crown of thorns from off the sacred head and passes it to those beneath, and with pinchers extracts the nails from the hands. Joseph, who stands below on the front ladder, withdraws the nail which passes through His feet.

While this is taking place, Simon of Bethany and Lazarus are standing on the ground, and support the body's weight by means of the long linen bandages, the ends of which they hold. Now they slowly lower it on to the shoulder of Joseph, who, when he has the body safely balanced, descends with it to the ground, and Nicodemus receives it in his arms. They carry it to Mary, who is seated a little distance from the Cross, the linen winding-sheet spread partly on her lap and partly on the ground in front. The body is laid down, the head reposing on His Mother's lap, and Mary, looking in sorrow down at Him, says, "O my Son, how is Thy body o'er covered with wounds!" John reminds her that from those wounds grace and salvation shall proceed to mankind, and Magdalen gently comforts her by telling her the peace of Heaven is reflected on His pale features. Nicodemus now proposes to anoint the body, and Joseph says it shall be laid in a new grave prepared in a stone chamber within his own garden. Salome and Magdalen kneel down on either side of Mary, and, as a last farewell, each raises to her

lips a hand of Christ, and kisses it, while John soothes them with the assurance that they shall see their Lord again. Then Joseph, Nicodemus, Lazarus, and Simon bear away the body laid within its shroud, while John, Magdalen, and Mary follow with the others in a group behind. They carry it across the stage into the garden to the right, and lay it in the rock-hewn tomb, and thus concludes in quiet sadness this most solemn scene.

The two remaining acts are short; strictly speaking, they are but tableaux.

The chorus come upon the stage, still clad in robes of black. They give their message, then depart, and the curtain opens upon a scene which in its composition and arrangement is the most natural and artistic picture of the Resurrection that can be imagined.

A huge mass of rock, on whose jagged surface a smooth face has been hewn, occupies the further portion of the stage; behind, a rugged wilderness stretches away into the distance. About, some sleeping, some awake, are the soldiers sent by Pilate to watch the grave.

Morning approaches. The sleeping soldiers waken up, and all are anxious to bring their weary vigil to a close. After awhile, just as behind the distant hills the first flush of the dawn reddens the eastern sky, the stone which leans against the rock falls prostrate with a crash, revealing the majestic form of Christ, who, clad in white, stands within the grand cyclopean doorway of the tomb, His figure showing brilliantly against the darkness of the cave behind. The guard fall prostrate on the ground in terror. Christ steps out of the tomb and stands for an instant with right hand uplifted, then passes to the left behind a rock from out of view. The astounded soldiers venture to look up. The brilliant apparition has departed, but the fallen stone and open door are there. They timidly approach the sepulchre, to find it empty—Christ has risen, He has fulfilled His promise. Awe-stricken, they depart to bring the news to Pilate, Pharisees, and priests, and the curtain closes on the scene.

The chorus, for the last time, now appear upon the stage. This time their sable robes are cast aside, and, clad in brilliant garments, they proclaim the resurrection from the tomb of God

made Man, His victory over death. They part into two files on either side the centre stage, and the curtain opens, while their song continues, revealing the last scene on Olivet.

Away behind, forming the centre of the picture, stands upon the summit the risen Saviour. Close by Him, Mary stands upon one side, and on the other kneels the Magdalen. The Apostles form groups on either side of them, some standing with hands clasped in adoration, and others on their knees. As the curtain opens, Christ, with hand raised in benediction, is blessing those beneath, and then He slowly rises in the air into a group of angels in the sky. As He reaches this the drop-scene falls, the Schutzgeister advance and sing their final chorus, and the strangest drama ever played upon the stage concludes.

The curtain fallen, and the last hymn of praise sung by the choir of angels triumphing in man's redemption, it remains to ask, How has this play, this gallery of living pictures of the Passion, affected those who witnessed it? I would say emphatically, for good, because I think it brings before most minds more forcibly than book or picture, sermon or meditation could, the sufferings borne by our Saviour during the three days of His Passion. I believe it changes the mental image most men form of Christ. In most men's minds the Godhead dwarfs the Manhood of our Lord; in thinking of our Saviour, the Son of Man is naturally overshadowed by the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity; we know that Christ is Man, but chiefly think of Him as God.

This play, which takes us back some eighteen hundred years and more, and while we witness it makes us in imagination contemporaries of Christ on earth, fixes our attention on His Humanity and on His sufferings as a human being, subject, like every other human being, to physical and mental agony. We see Him in it as a Man bearing all kinds of human tribulation, and it is the irresistible manner in which this play compels our recognition of His sufferings that constitutes its value. In parts it is most affecting, and I would not envy the man who could look unmoved upon these Passion pictures, or leave that wooden shed at Ober-Ammergau with no better recollection of what he owes to Christ than when he entered it. One thing a visit to this play should do for those who are outside the Church. It should effectually remove from their minds the false idea that because the Church declares that the Divinely guided

judgment of the Universal Church, not the unaided and conflicting judgments of individuals, should interpret the text of Holy Writ, she therefore withholds the Bible from the people, or at least regards with jealousy its study by her flock. To those who think so, and they are legion, the scene within that wooden shed at Ober-Ammergau, as event after event from the Old Testament was explained by peasant actors to a peasant audience, must have been a revelation.

The deep impression left upon the minds of almost all who see this play in great measure excludes criticism of it. Over and above the acting, one feels instinctively that something else is present. That something is not only the profoundly sacred nature of the events represented, but also the sincere devotion and pious reverence of those who undertake to represent them. This dignity of motive and of subject lifts the play from out of the region of ordinary drama, and makes ordinary criticism inapplicable. Yet those who act this play have naught to fear from criticism, for in it one sees acting the excellence of which produces such effect that, now and then, the mind cannot without considerable and reluctant effort withdraw from the contemplation of the subject represented to analyze the means of presentation. Upon the other hand, the life and actuality infused into the supposititious characters and scenes associated in the play with scenes and characters drawn from the Gospel story, is a safe test of the merit of the play's construction as a drama.

I remember years ago, when quite a boy, laying down Milton's greatest poem in a kind of daze, in which the personages created by the poet seemed to me just as real as Adam. Daisenberger's drama has the same effect as Milton's epic; you cannot separate the figures of the Gospel story from those invented by the dramatist to carry on the sequence of his narrative—Nathaniel is as real to you as Caiaphas. Moreover, you cannot, without serious effort, separate the passages having their foundations laid in Holy Writ from those invented by the priestly playwright; they fit in so exactly that it seems to you, as you look upon the play, as if the thing could not have happened in any other way.

I heard a curious naïve expression of this feeling from an American I met some days after I had seen the play. We were chatting about various subjects, when Ober-Ammergau was mentioned. He had been there three weeks before, and

said: "I read the story often and knew it well, but really I never understood how the intrigue was worked up and Christ's Crucifixion brought about until I saw the play." So skilfully has Daisenberger entwined his work about the Gospel story, that both together seems one united whole. And then, how admirable, when you examine it, do you find the stage-craft with which the dramatist has wrought his play! How many of our modern dramas or our operas which, intervals included, are generally played or sung within three hours, could be lengthened without tiring an audience? Yet this Passion-drama holds your mind in tension for upwards of four hours without interval, and holds you thus, not once, but twice in the one day, and that without producing the slightest mental weariness.

No doubt the subject is of absorbing interest, and the drama is magnificently acted and well put on the stage, but this would not prevent an ill-constructed drama of such length exhausting the attention of an audience. It is the skilful manner in which throughout the play the mind is relieved by variety, which gives a sense of freshness, lasting to the end, to its performance. The weary aimless intervals which interpose between the acts of ordinary dramas are absent here, and in their place you have the chorus and its leader, with tableau, monologue, and song. When the curtain closes on an act, instead of staring at each other, or talking gossip, and thus producing trains of thought most likely foreign to the feeling of the play, you look upon the leader who, with flashing eyes and noble gesture, proclaims those truths to which the dramatist would point, and listen to him telling them with that earnestness and sympathy which constitute true oratory. Then come the chorus, fulfilling the same office with their song, and then the tableau, from which is drawn the moral they expound. The curtains closed on this, the choral song again begins, and lastly comes the play, to which the mind returns refreshed and yet in perfect harmony and tune. From the first word spoken by the leader of the chorus to the last note of the final hymn of praise, the continuity of deep religious feeling remains unbroken, and this, in part, explains the powerful effect the play produces upon those who see it. As the momentous events of the Passion unfold themselves, you lose all sense of anything theatrical, and feel that what you witness is no mere spectacle to be enjoyed, but a great sermon to be felt and studied.

What able exponents of this great sermon have Daisenberger and the banished monks of Ettal found in those isolated mountain villagers, those can judge who see this play. There can be no two opinions as to the histrionic instinct of these people, which, in some cases, rises into genius. The leading characters of this great drama are impersonations of which any actor of reputation might be reasonably proud. One does not feel it easy to speak of Mayr's acting as our Saviour. To say that he disarms your scruples and satisfies your conscience is the highest praise one can bestow ; while Fraulein Rosa Lang, who makes her portrait of the Virgin somewhat resemble, in its refined simplicity and calm dignity of action, that given by Mayr of our Lord, forces you to feel that she possesses great dramatic power, controlled and guided by that true art-instinct which suppresses outward show of art. Of Judas I have spoken. John and Peter look and act their small parts to perfection. Nathaniel's declamation is magnificently earnest and impressive, while the heavy but thoroughly good work of Burgo-Meister Lang as Caiphas deserves a special word of praise. Thomas Rendl's acting as Pilate, in his altercations with himself, Caiphas and the crowd, is very fine, especially in the final moment, when, the judgment given, he breaks his staff in twain. Daisenberger shows us Pilate as a soldier, and Thomas Rendl's Pilate looks a man who would far rather crush out a rebellion by force of arms, or meet an enemy in the field, than try a case by law. One finds the same artistic finish in the acting of the minor characters, while of the skill and taste displayed in the way in which the play is put upon the stage, it is impossible to speak too highly. The masters of the great Italian school whose works have, through their myriad copies, built up in men's minds an ideal of each person who took part in the scenes of our Lord's Passion, are followed closely, not in the costumes only, but also in the very physique of the actors, some of whom seem born to play their parts. So much is this the case, that as each appears you do not need the text to tell you this is Peter, Mary, Judas, John ; you feel that you had seen them all before ; no preconceived ideal is interfered with or destroyed.

Another thing which strikes one very much is the intensity and harmony of colour displayed by the array of costumes. Each colour used is strong, intensely strong, and yet all blend in harmony together, both with each other and the scenery.

The latter, broadly painted and true in tone and colour, is architectural and landscape painting of no mean order, intended to be seen by light of day, and quite successful as a charming background to the brilliant figures of the actors, which, whether singly on the stage or in the multitudes brought on in many scenes, are, as living pictures, equally effective.

There doubtlessly exists in many cases a reasonable prejudice, founded upon the nature of the subject represented, against this play. The fact that probably ninety-nine out of every hundred persons prejudiced against it through conscientious motives, and who come to curse, remain to bless, is proof conclusive of the play's success in satisfying those who see it, as to the reverence with which it is produced and the religious motive of its actors. I have heard men say they would not cross the street to see the play. "If you know the Gospel story," say they, "you do not want to see the play." Others believe it to be a spectacle which should not be permitted. This feeling on the part of those who have not witnessed it is very natural. It seems so sacrilegious for an ordinary human being to personate the Saviour, and above all to personate Him on the stage. To-day one does not easily associate religious reverence with the stage—a paid profession whose mission principally is to amuse, and which is often not too careful as to how that object is accomplished. Persons who entertain those scruples should remember that after all the drama is but a most complete and perfect form of description, and that the Church has never hesitated to use legitimate descriptive methods by which she would attain her end. She has preached, even from the catacombs, through pictorial art, as well as through the book or from the pulpit. She hangs the Stations of the Cross within her sanctuaries, and presents us with the crucifix, not that we may worship them, as many who are outside the Church fancy we do, but that they may excite our gratitude to Him we do adore. She has always wisely recognized the power to excite devotion that pictorial art possesses, and has utilized it most of all in this very matter of Christ's Passion. If oral description and pictorial art be in themselves allowable, why should not their combination, with such accessories as make them more effective, be lawful, provided it can be produced under conditions which exclude evil? Written description of any episode gains in effect on most men's minds if, instead of merely reading it themselves, they hear it orally

delivered by a sensitive and practised speaker, who sheds sidelights upon the story derived from his more acute and sympathetic nature, giving his audience insights to its meanings they would not have extracted for themselves from the written narrative. Now, if you take this sympathetic and practised speaker, clothe him in the garments of him he represents, surround him with illusive pictures of the scenes amid which the transaction he describes take place, and lastly, endow him with the faculty of action whereby he talks most eloquently with eye and limb as well as voice, how infinitely do you increase his power of description ! how intensely real, while you witness it, becomes the story he relates ! The secret of the power of the drama is that it embodies all the qualities of all other descriptive methods, adding to them that of action. A well-constructed drama, well mounted and well acted, gives not only the story it conveys, but also gives that story accompanied by the most perfect form of illustration ; and it is the Gospel story—*plus* this perfected form of illustration—that they decline who set their face against the Passion Play.

Insinuations as to money getting have been made by some against its actors. There is no doubt the villagers do indirectly benefit in a money sense, because the world has found them out, and flocks to see their play. They sell their carvings to those who, if it were not for the play, would never have reached Ober-Ammergau, and probably they make a profit on the very moderate charge imposed for bed and board. These facts constitute the whole indictment which can honestly be made against the play upon that score.

After actual expenses are deducted and a reserve fund set aside to meet the preliminary outlay on the next production of the play, the balance of the sum received for entrance to the theatre is spent on charity and education, except a very trifling recompense for loss of time presented to the actors. This, which in 1880 varied from ten shillings given to the children to twenty pounds presented to some leading actors, cannot in any sense be looked upon as payment for the labour they undergo. It must be remembered that two and sometimes three performances are given in one week, and one or two of these performances are given upon working-days, when, if it were not for the play, those who produce it would be engaged in earning money at their various avocations. The same remark applies to numberless rehearsals necessary during the

preparation of the play, and from a conscientious point of view, those engaged in its production are justified in their acceptance of a sum which, however, does not at all repay them for the money loss sustained directly through their loss of working time. As regards the profits indirectly made it may be answered that those who give years of patient preparation towards the play's production could not, nor should not if they could, board the multitudes who visit them to see their play out of their own means. Nor, if through religious motives, they give their labour in presentation of the play, are they bound to give those multitudes their labour in attendance, cooking, and other household offices without equivalent, because the latter come to benefit by their labour in the play.

The question hinges on the *motive* which urges them to consecrate a portion of their lives to preparation for this play, and in its presentation to undergo such labour, twice or thrice a week, as only those can realize who saw them, as I did, act for eight long hours beneath an unremittent and relentless drench of rain. The fact is patent to all men that the community at large take great precautions to prevent the play being made a source of illegitimate profit to the individual, and through all the months during which the play has been performed, there has not been a single instance of an attempt or effort on the part of any of the villagers to break the regulations, or increase the tariff fixed by the community, which is undoubtedly most moderate.

In estimating motive, it must be recollected that in 1633 the ancestors of the present actors bound themselves by vow, by solemn compact with Almighty God—that they would for His glory represent the Passion of His Son. This vow was made when the community were face to face with swift and sudden death, a time when most men who believe there is another world hold money rather cheap, and money getting loses its attractiveness. For upwards of two centuries their descendants have recognized their fathers' compact as a trust to be religiously fulfilled, and it by no means follows that because the newspaper has made known abroad throughout the world the excellences of this unique play, and steam takes strangers from every part to see it, those who produce it are incontinently to resign their trust. God keeps His promises, and the Church teaches that when we make Him one we must keep ours, provide it be in our power, and our vow

involves no wrong, and few who see this play and come in contact with its actors off the stage will have any doubts as to the motive which leads to its production.

One of the thoughts this play suggests to me is a regret that the conditions of our modern life precluded the Church from wielding this great weapon of the drama along with literature and art and oral sermon. This is now impossible. Here and there in convent schools and monasteries we may have little dramas in which faith, hope, and charity tell their tale, but nothing more. One place alone exists where any effort to represent Christ's Passion in a drama would not be either artistically weak and ineffective, and consequently disedifying and repulsive, or on the part of some of those engaged be mercenary, and therefore blasphemous and sacrilegious. That place is Ober-Ammergau. Its "Passion-spiel" remains, the sole survivor of those mediæval plays which in unlettered times gave rude pictures of the Gospel story to still ruder peoples, and reached their reason and their hearts through eye as well as ear. It has differed from other plays in this, that, favoured by the exceptional surroundings and disposition of those who act it, it has lived and flourished, and in point of art has kept pace with the times, while the motive to which we owe its presentation remains to-day the same as when the ancestors of those mountain villagers assembled in their church, close on three centuries ago, and took their solemn vow to God that for His glory and the good of souls they would each decade represent the Passion of His Son. Well have they kept their vow in each tenth year; and their seclusion and isolation during the other nine, next to their innate religion, is the best safeguard of their motive, and the best guarantee they have that, uncontaminated by mercenary motives, they may for decades yet continue preaching to the world with profit to themselves and those who see them this great sermon on Christ's Passion.

P. J. O'REILLY.

*Carmelite Saints.*¹

IT has often been remarked that the most effective answer to the impugners of the old Faith, and the advocates of the principles of the religious revolution of the sixteenth century, is to point to the cloud of witnesses formed by the multitude of illustrious saints canonized by the Catholic Church at that period of her history. We do not exhaust the list of these in mentioning St. Charles Borromeo, St. Ignatius of Loyola, St. Francis Xavier, St. Peter of Alcantara, St. Philip Neri, St. Francis Borgia, St. Isidore, St. John of the Cross, St. Teresa. These were the true "Reformers" of the Church. And, if it be true, as it undoubtedly is, that the formation of a saint is one, and one of the greatest, of God's works, the total absence of such a phenomenon outside the unity of God's Church is surely a powerful indication of the community within which the sanctifying Spirit of God resides. The All-merciful God who makes the sun to rise, and the rain to fall, on the just and the unjust alike, does not limit the action of His Holy Spirit to the faithful alone, but that Holy Spirit will not impart His highest gifts or heroic graces to souls separated from the unity of Christ's body.

Among the saints, mentioned above, there is none in whom the favours bestowed by God on His intimate friends, and the supernatural operations of His Holy Spirit, are more manifest, than in Doña Teresa y Ahumada, afterwards known as Mother Teresa of Jesus, and now as St. Teresa. None of whom it may more truly be said (in the phrase of St. Denys), that she "suffered Divine things."

St. Teresa was born at Avila in Spain on March 28, 1515, of an ancient and noble family of Castille. Her father, who

¹ *The Life of St. Teresa of Jesus*, of the Order of Our Lady of Carmel. Written by herself. Translated from the Spanish by David Lewis. London, 1888.

The Ascent of Mount Carmel. By St. John of the Cross, of the Order of Our Lady of Carmel. Translated from the Spanish, with a Life of the Saint, by David Lewis, M.A. London, 1889.

was twice married, had twelve children, three by the first, nine by the second marriage, and the Saint was the eldest daughter of the second marriage. Her father and mother were both excellent Christians, of the true old Spanish type, and all the children were carefully and religiously educated, and all grew up in the fear of God, and walked in the footsteps of their parents. As soon as she could read, Teresa began to manifest a deep interest in religious subjects, and, stirred by reading the Acts of the Christian Martyrs, she formed the intention of giving her life for God, and at the early age of seven years, she persuaded her brother (only by four years her senior) to join her in an expedition to the country of the Moors, lately expelled from Spain, where they were to proclaim the faith of Christ in the hope of being beheaded, and so gaining the crown of martyrdom. The children actually started on this enterprise. They stole out of their father's house very early in the morning, passed through the town, crossed the bridge, and were fairly on their road, when they met their uncle driving into Avila; he stopped them, and they candidly avowed the purpose on which they were bent. Their uncle told them that they had not taken sufficient provisions for the journey—each of them was carrying a small bundle—and took them back with him to their home—as they were told, in order to obtain larger supplies. When the little brother, Rodrigo, was reprimanded, like Adam, he threw all the blame upon the woman, and said that his sister had been the originator, and the prime mover, in their scheme, which was, no doubt, perfectly true.

We mention this trait in the childhood of St. Teresa, because it is so remarkably characteristic of her in her maturity. If we may paraphrase a sentence from Wordsworth, which has become proverbial, "The child was mother to the Saint." In after-life it used to be said of her that she had the courage of twenty men in her. She wished, before all else, to see God in Heaven, and martyrdom appeared to her the shortest road to her end. That was St. Teresa all over! But she was destined to a longer martyrdom, and to reach her end by a longer road.

Teresa was but twelve years of age¹ when her mother died,

¹ The Saint says so herself in the "Vida," and subsequent writers have followed her statement. But the last will and testament of Doña Beatrix y Ahumada was signed by her on November 24, 1528. She may have died soon after, probably did, but Teresa must have been more than twelve years old at the time.

and, in her inconsolable grief at that event, she made visits to a shrine of Our Lady of Charity, in a neighbouring hospital, where she poured forth her soul imploring our Lady to accept her as her child, and to be a mother to her in her orphaned state. That was a prayer which, we may be sure, was never rejected; and "a soul devoted to Mary," it has been said, "is a soul saved." Nevertheless, the loss of her mother had an unfortunate effect upon the child. Her father doted upon her, and her eldest sister by the first marriage, by many years her senior, loved her dearly. But a father and a sister, however good, however fond, can never supply the place of a mother. Her mother had always been fond of reading the romances of chivalry, which were the favourite literature of that day, and had encouraged a taste for such reading in her children to an extent which was hardly wise. Teresa at this time devoured all the romances she could obtain; and, when only fourteen, wrote and published a collection of romances, her brother Rodrigo, always her devoted servant, acting as her secretary and amanuensis. Her book surprised everybody who read it. It was pure fiction, but it displayed such a richness of imagination, such a keen penetration, such a true literary taste, that it established her reputation as a writer, and made her more than ever the admired of all her circle of friends. In fact, her father's house had become a sort of court, of which Teresa was the queen, and the centre of all regards. Few saints have had more numerous or eminent biographers than St. Teresa, and grave cotemporary writers all speak, at this time, of her surpassing beauty, the fascination by which she attracted everybody who approached her, her dazzling wit, her high genius, her amiability, simplicity, and sincerity. In her autobiography the Saint, through humility, exaggerates her self-accusation, and speaks as if she had been guilty of great sins; but, without knowing or intending it, some of her statements disprove these assertions, and it is certain, from other sources, that she was never guilty of grave sin, and carried her baptismal robe of innocence, unspotted by mortal sin, to her grave. In the Bull of her canonization, after a rigid examination of competent witnesses, the Church has declared that "Teresa in leaving the earth at the age of sixty-seven years, has carried to Heaven an angelic purity of body and heart, which she had preserved intact from her infancy till her death."¹ The failings, which

¹ Acts of the Canonization. (Bollandists. No. 1241.)

she exaggerates, and for which she did such cruel penance, were of this period of her life. She grew fond of dress, wished to appear to advantage in society, to shine in conversation, to love others and to be loved by them in return: these were the exuberances of a noble, generous, and affectionate nature, not sufficiently controlled, and still dreaming of happiness in the world. But, during all this time, unknown to her at the moment, God was drawing her to Himself by a multitude of graces, and when, afterwards, she became aware of it, this was the cause of the bitter reproaches with which she accuses herself, that a soul, in which our Lord was to establish His abode in such an intimate manner, and which He was to load with such extraordinary favours, should have been so heedless of His invitations and attached to the vanities of the world. Teresa, no doubt, was at this time in great danger, and for a time she lost her former fervour. She had missed her road. But there was such a greatness of soul in the girl, such a loftiness of genius, that she was carried far above her companions, who were unworthy of her, and who yet continued to influence her; while on her part she had no lower motive for what she did than an ardent desire to love and be loved. This was her natural character. The grace of God always adapts itself to the soil in which it is planted, and sanctity always adopts, while it elevates and spiritualizes, the character of its subject. The time was to come when Teresa would love without measure, and be loved above her fellows by, Him who is infinite love, and would exercise the ascendant of her genius, and the influence of her charms, solely as a means of an apostolate in making others love God move fervently.

In 1531, when Teresa was in her sixteenth year, Doña Maria de Cepeda, her eldest sister (who since the death of Doña Beatrix had acted as mistress of her father's house, and as a second mother to her younger sisters), married Don Martin de Guzman y Barrientos, a noble and pious gentleman of Castellanos de Cañada. Teresa was too young to take charge of her father's house, or to be left at large among her brothers and sisters, and, as her education had not been completed, she was sent to the Augustinian Convent in Avila, where the nuns kept a school for the education of the daughters of the neighbouring nobility and gentry. Here Teresa fell into the hands of Doña Maria Briceño, who was "General Mistress" of the school, and with whom she was related by blood. Maria

Briceño was not only a very superior woman, but also a very holy nun. She at once saw that Teresa was no ordinary person, and cultivated her with assiduous care, and Teresa with all her loving disposition threw herself without reserve into the closest intimacy with her holy relative: much of the evil of bad examples was removed, the good thoughts and practices of her childhood revived, she grew pious and edifying, but always with the greatest repugnance to the religious state. She remained in the convent for about eighteen months, at the end of which time she had a serious illness. On her recovery, her father took her away, and carried her during her convalescence for a visit to her married sister at Castellanos. On their journey home they passed Hortigosa, the country seat of her uncle Don Pedro Sanchez, a widower; this venerable man afterwards renounced his wealth, and the world, and became a religious. Don Pedro conceived a great affection for his niece and, at his request, her father, after paying his visit, left Teresa at Hortigosa to spend some time with her uncle, and complete her convalescence. People in the world generally attribute the vocation to religion of a young, beautiful, and attractive girl, to her being carried away by a momentary enthusiasm. There was nothing of the kind in the vocation of Teresa. After the lively days she had spent with her sister at Castellanos she found the solitary life with her uncle very dull and flat; he lived on spiritual reading and prayer. He spoke much of the greatness of God, of the vanity of the world, and spent his time in the study of the Fathers and the spiritual writings of the mystical authors of Spain. These he begged Teresa to read to him, and she, out of mere complacency, undertook to do so. But she had no sooner entered upon what she expected to be an irksome task, than she was penetrated by the spirit of the ancient Fathers, and read in Spanish, with the deepest interest, the *Confessions*, and some of the other works of St. Augustine, the *Morale* of St. Gregory, and the letters of St. Jerome to SS. Paula and Eustochium. St. Jerome became her favourite author, and his celebrated letter to Heliodore, which has evoked so many vocations to religious life, made a deep and lasting impression on her mind. Pondering over these authors in the garden of Hortigosa, she entered into herself, and thought out the problem of her future with hard-headed reasoning and common sense. The independence of her character revolted at all kinds of bonds, whether of

matrimony or the vows of religion. The perils through which she had passed, on the other hand, her dread of falling into mortal sin, her isolation as an orphan, forbade her to think of a domestic celibacy, to which moreover she felt no attraction. The choice then remained between the two extremes. In spite of her strong repugnance to the religious state, she prayed God to guide her to that condition of life in which she could best serve and please Him. Finally, she determined that the religious state is the safest, and most perfect. She would be a religious, cost her what it might.

On her return to her father, she announced her decision to him, but neither her own pleadings nor those of her friends, could prevail on him to consent to part with her. After his death, he said, she could do as she pleased. For some months she tried in vain to gain his consent, and at last, early one morning, she left the house in company with one of her brothers whom she had persuaded to become a religious, and entered the Carmelite Convent of the Incarnation, her brother taking his way to the novitiate of the Dominicans. The nuns received Teresa, but sent word to her father that she was with them; he came to see her, and then withdrew his opposition to her wishes.

We have no desire to write a panegyric of St. Teresa, or to exceed the strictest limits of historic truth: but we must say that her statements in accusing herself will mislead any reader who does not perceive the depth of her humility, and make allowance for exaggerations prompted by a sense of her own imperfections in the presence of infinite holiness. In spite of her own assertions, we have the testimony of contemporary authors who were acquainted with her, and of the archives of the Carmelite Order, that she was an exemplary novice, and an object of admiration and edification to the whole community. But the change to a life in religion, sorely tried the health of the high-born, and delicately nurtured, lady of Castille, and after her profession at the end of her novitiate, she was so seriously ill that her friends and physicians advised her removal from the convent. In the company of one of the nuns (there was no enclosure in the Convent of the Incarnation), she paid a visit to her married sister at Castellanos, where she remained, including three months spent at Bezadas, where a cure was tried that proved worse than useless to her, for about a year. On her return to her father's house, her life was despaired of,

and she lay insensible for four days, she was supposed to be dead, her grave was prepared, but the chronicler says that, though there was bodily illness, yet it was a trance of the soul at the same time. This was in 1537, and for two years she remained completely paralyzed, when she was miraculously cured, at the intercession of St. Joseph, whom she adopted as her patron. During her terrible illness she manifested an heroic patience. "All my conversation was with God," she says, and adds that at this time God raised her to the "prayer of quiet," and frequently to "the prayer of union," though at the time she did not know what it meant.

In the Convent of the Incarnation, she was led on, without her knowledge, to states of prayer so high that she became alarmed about herself; she could not believe, in her humility, that such extraordinary graces could be bestowed by God on a sinner like herself, and feared lest she should have become the victim of Satanic delusion. In agonies of doubt and distress of soul, she sought the assistance of a relation of her own, Don Francisco de Salcedo, a very pious layman and much given to prayer: and, through him, that of Gaspar Daza, a holy priest, but engaged in other labours, and quite incapable of directing her; these were so alarmed at the extraordinary favours bestowed on her by God, taken together with her exaggerations of her own imperfections, that they came to the conclusion that she was "deluded by an evil spirit." As these communications were not made under the seal of confession, others were consulted in the hope of assisting her, and as her trances and raptures were witnessed by those present when they occurred, it came to be generally believed that Mother Teresa was possessed by the evil one, and many suggested that she should be exorcised. Several cases of fanatical women, either deluded or deluding others, had occurred at this time in Spain, and were under the notice of the Inquisition. At this time the Jesuit Fathers were established in Avila, and she was advised to have recourse to them. Accordingly, having written an account of her past life [which has not been preserved], she prepared herself for a general confession, and opened her soul to Father Juan de Patranos, of the Company of Jesus. Father Juan understood it all, he at once discovered the great Saint under the humble exterior of Mother Teresa. He comforted her, assured her that her way of prayer was the work of God, insisted on her resuming it [for she had for a time abandoned

it from mistaken motives of humility], and foretold that God would make her the means of great good to a multitude of souls. "It seems to me," says the Saint, "that the Holy Ghost was speaking by his mouth in order to heal my soul, so deep was the impression he made. What a grand thing it is," she exclaims, "to understand a soul!"¹ Under Father Patranos she made great progress. She made a retreat under his direction, and he left the book of the Exercises of St. Ignatius in her hands, showing her how to make use of it. St. Teresa's prayer was not that of the Exercises, but they were of immense assistance to her, and furnished her with the fundamental principles of the spiritual life, and the solid basis upon which it rests. Later in her life she wrote:² "It is in the Company of Jesus that I have received my being and my education." Father de Patranos gave her much solid instruction, and taught her the uses of mortification. "I had not begun to understand what mortification meant," she says, "for I do not think I knew it even by name." She was further consoled by St. Francis Borgia, who was at that time in Spain, having been sent from Rome on a mission to Charles the Fifth, then in retirement in a monastery in Estramadura after his abdication. St. Francis greatly comforted her, approved her spirit and way of prayer, and assured her that her supernatural visitations were from God, but counselled her, as a matter of prudence, to resist them as far as she could for a time, in order to test them and prevent Satan from insinuating delusions through them.

In the latter portion of the fifteenth century the Church in Europe witnessed a relaxation of ecclesiastical discipline and the practice of the Christian virtues, which historians attribute to various causes: to the Western schism, to a social demoralization, consequent on the ravages of the plague, which at that time visited most of the countries of the West, to the revival of classical studies after the fall of Constantinople, the advocates of which (like the pretended votaries of science of the present day) affected superior knowledge, and insisted on a divorce between reason and revelation: and, in England it may be added, to the civil war "of the Roses." A sense of security prevailed, the watchmen slept, and the enemy was busily sowing his evil seed in the field of the Church. The consequence was that when, in the commencement of the sixteenth century, the banner of Lucifer was unfurled, and the demon of spiritual

¹ *Life*, xxiii. § 18.

² Letter to Father Paul Hernandez.

independence swept like a whirlwind over Europe, it found the rulers and defenders of order, in most countries, unprepared for and paralyzed by the suddenness of the attack. But this was not the case in Spain. Under Ferdinand and Isabella, aided by the Friar Ximénès (afterwards Cardinal Archbishop of Toledo), discipline was preserved and restored, diocesan synods were held regularly, universities and colleges founded, the recent invention of Gutenberg was utilized for the printing and circulation of good books, and public libraries were founded in the principal towns. Charles the Fifth, and afterwards Philip the Second, carried on what their predecessors had begun, and, while in England a debauched and adulterous King was rending the seamless coat of Christ, slaying His servants, usurping the power of His Vicar, and filling the royal exchequer with the sacrilegious spoil of the offerings of the faithful to God, in Spain the temporal and spiritual powers had been, and were still, exerted for the edification of the Church and the preservation of the faith; and, aided by the steady faith of the Spanish people, the passive barrier of the Pyrenees, and the active agency of the Inquisition, the so-called "Reformation" was unable to make any serious inroad into the country. Any mischief that Protestantism has been able to effect there is of a later date. The sixteenth century has been well described as "the Golden Age" of Spain, not only for the number of saints who then adorned the country, but also for the eminent men in arts, in science, and literature, who flourished there at the same time. Philip the Second (of whose political character we wish to say nothing except that, if he did not always do good, he always intended it) was in his private character, and as a Catholic Prince, most exemplary: he was a zealous continuator of the work begun by Ximénès, and when the great Council of Trent put forth its decrees for the healing of the nations, Philip was the first European sovereign who loyally accepted them, and zealously put them into execution. He fostered and furthered every good work in his dominions, and was acknowledged by St. Teresa as the chief and singular defender and supporter of her Reform, "since we have no other protector on earth" (*pues ningun otro amparo tenemos en la tierra*).¹

In the Convent of the Incarnation, under the Mitigated Observance, there was no enclosure, and a person so popular as Teresa had frequent visits from her friends and relatives; there

¹ *Cartas de Santa Teresa de Jesus*, vol. i. p. 3. Madrid, 1793.

was nothing in this against her Rule, and partly from a warm-hearted affection for her friends, partly from a desire of edifying them, she tried to reconcile her intimate communion with God and the marvellous tokens of His favour which He bestowed upon her, with the dissipating conversation of secular friends. When Satan lays siege to a just soul striving for perfection, he does not ask much of it; like the wolf in the fable he only wants the door to be left ajar, a little disorderly desire, a slight attachment to creatures, is all he asks for. He is a thief, and knows that he has no right to be there at all. But, when God comes into the soul of His creature, He comes there as the Master into His house, as the Father into His family, as the King into His palace. He knows that the soul is His own, that He has a right to it, and to the whole of it. He is a jealous God and will be satisfied with nothing less than the whole of it. While conversing with a friend, the Saint tells us,¹ "Our Lord was pleased to show me that these friendships were not good for me. Christ stood before me, stern and grave, giving me to understand what in my conduct was offensive to Him." Though this vision caused her much fear and sorrow, she does not appear at the time to have recognized the drift of it, as she continued to receive her visitors. In 1558, Father de Patranos was removed from Avila, to Teresa's great grief, and she sought the direction of the Jesuit Father Baltazar Alvarez. "This Father," she says, "began by putting me in the way of greater perfection." She had a great struggle about giving up her friendships, which she thought did not offend God. Father Baltazar told her to lay the matter before God for a few days, and recite the hymn *Veni Creator*, that God might enlighten her as to the better course. While she was saying the hymn, she fell into a trance, and was carried out of herself. "This was the first time," she says,² "that our Lord bestowed on me the grace of ecstasy. I heard these words, 'I will not have thee converse with men, but with angels.' Those words have been fulfilled," she continues, "for I have never been able to form friendship with, nor have any comfort in, nor any particular love for, any persons whatever, except those who, as I believe, love God and strive to serve Him." About this time also must have occurred her celebrated vision of Hell. Her description of it is a powerful piece of writing, too long for insertion here, which some literary critics have not hesitated to compare with the *Inferno* of Dante.

¹ *Life*, vii. § 11.² *Life*, xxiv. § 7.

St. Teresa henceforth led a life of the most absolute silence and solitude that her circumstances would permit. She heard of the outbreak of heresy, and the flood of false opinions which had covered the earth, and in her solitude her soul took fire. In her ardent desire for perfection she made a vow on all occasions to do that which God enabled her to see was the most perfect. In writing to a religious of another Order, shortly before her death, she mentions that she had lived for many years in a convent with a community of one hundred and eighty nuns [that of the Incarnation], "as if no one had been in the house except God and myself." But with the desire of perfection came another of living according to the primitive rule of the hermits "dwelling in the forests of Carmel" and the true spirit of her Order, and of opposing the prayers of her nuns to the advances of Protestantism. St. Peter of Alcantara came to Avila at this time, who had himself established a Reform of the Franciscan Order, in which the Rule was practised in all the original purity and austerity of the seraphic pauper of Assisi; he gave her much assistance in the work of her own perfection, and encouraged her in the design she had formed of founding a convent of the primitive observance.

The Carmelite Order, unknown for centuries in the West, took its rise in the East. From the day of the great Prophets Elias and Eliseus—so runs the venerable tradition of Carmel—the holy mountain was peopled by hermits who, by a life of prayer and penance, according to their measure, shadowed forth from generation to generation, under the Old Law, the greater graces of the New. Hermits of Carmel, "sons of the prophets," were among those who flocked to the Jordan to hear our Lord's Precursor preach the "baptism of penance unto remission of sins." Converted to the Faith, they had seen Jesus Christ, had been present at Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost, where they had conversed with our Blessed Lady, and, on returning to the holy mountain, erected an oratory under her invocation, during her lifetime, on the very spot where Elias stood when he saw the little cloud (a type of our Lady) rising from the sea, and bringing with it the long-desired rain, which had been so long withheld from the earth. For a thousand years after the Crucifixion of our Lord, these hermits were known in the East as the "Brethren of Mary" of Mount Carmel. Early in the thirteenth century, when the Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem began to totter to its fall, two English knights, Lord Grey of Codnor, and Lord

Vesci, after fighting in the ranks of the Crusaders, visited Mount Carmel on their journey home to England. Among the hermits dwelling there, they found an Englishman, named Ralph Freeborn, a native of Northumberland. He had gone to Palestine as a soldier of the Cross, to fight the infidel, and had exchanged the armour of earthly warfare for the peaceful habit of a hermit. They persuaded him to return, with one of his religious brethren, to England in their company, and there to found the Order of Carmel. Lord Grey gave him land in Kent, and built for him the priory of Aylesford (an interesting building still inhabited, and standing on the banks of the Medway), in the year 1240. Lord Vesci gave him land for a monastery near Alnwick, where the priory of Hulme was founded soon afterwards. At Aylesford, in 1245, the first Chapter of the Carmelites in Europe was held, when St. Simon Stock, an Englishman—to whom our Lady gave the scapular of Mount Carmel—was elected Prior-General of the whole Order. The Carmelites were known in England as the “White Friars,” from the colour of their habit, and after rapidly increasing in England, they passed over to Ireland, and into Scotland, which became the thirteenth Province of the Order, containing nine monasteries. The hermits of Carmel first became cenobites, dwelling in communities under one superior, in the twelfth century, when Aimeri of Limoges, Patriarch of Antioch, gave them a rule of life. This rule was modified, or another was substituted for it, by Albert of Parma, Patriarch of Jerusalem, during the pontificate of Innocent the Third. The rule of Albert of Parma, given to the friars who “dwelt by the well of Elias,” was confirmed by Pope Honorius the Third in 1226: but when the friars settled in Europe, the rule given to the hermits on Mount Carmel became difficult, if not impossible, to observe under the altered conditions of life, in countries so different from that in which the Order had its commencement.

Two friars were sent by the General Chapter of Aylesford in 1245, to the Holy See, to ask for directions. In 1248, Innocent the Fourth confirmed the rule anew, with certain corrections and modifications, and commanded the friars to observe it. This was the rule adopted by St. Teresa, in her Reform.¹ But this

¹ “We keep the Rule of Our Lady of Carmel, not the Rule of the Mitigation, but as it was settled by Father Hugo, Cardinal of Santa Sabina, and given in the year 1248, in the fifth year of the pontificate of Innocent the Fourth, Pope.” (*Life*, c. xxxvi. § 27.)

rule, in the course of time, was considered a heavier burden than the friars were able to carry, and, in 1432, Eugenius the Fourth, at their request, mitigated the severities of it. The friars were allowed to eat meat, the fast from September 14th till the following Easter was dispensed with, and they were allowed to be out of their cells, but within the enclosure. This rule, no longer very severe, was exactly observed in St. Teresa's time and had the sanction of the Holy See. The project of St. Teresa was an arduous one. It was to revive the spirit of St. Elias, substituting the gentleness and charity of the Saviour for the fire of the Prophet; to bring the life of the Fathers of the desert into the midst of modern Europe: to oppose the prayers of the cloistered nuns to the advances of Protestantism, and their mortifications to the luxury and dissipation of the "renaissance:" and to bring back a great religious Order to its primitive observance. It may be asked how such a project is to be reconciled with the profound humility, for which St. Teresa was so remarkable, but it is precisely in her humility that we must look for the motive of her enterprise: she so entirely forgot and annihilated herself that, when she had recommended her purpose to God, and learned from Him that it was in accordance with His will, instead of regarding her own weakness and want of resources, she looked only to the omnipotence of God, and trusted entirely to His co-operation. Her mode of action, which characterized the whole of her reform, may be seen in the account of one of her foundations. She arrived, with her nuns, in a town where she proposed to found a convent, with twenty ducats in her purse. On arriving, she met with opposition, moreover, no house had been provided, and she had no means to purchase one. Asked how it could have entered into her head to found a convent with twenty ducats, she answered: "Teresa is nothing—and Teresa with twenty ducats is nothing—but Teresa, and twenty ducats, *and God*, is everything." The event proved that she had not calculated amiss—people came forward to assist her, the opposition gradually subsided, a house was purchased, and the foundation was made.

J. G. WYNNE.

The Abolition of Serfdom in England.

II.

WHEN the peasants of St. Albans had obtained their demands from the King they returned home, and were met by a band of villeins and servants sent by the Abbot of St. Albans to appease them. But the villeins betrayed the Abbot's cause, and fraternized with the mob; and, under the guidance of one William Grindecobbe, approached the abbey, saying that they were no longer serfs, but lords. They compelled the Abbot to give them all the rolls and charters of the abbey, which they committed to the flames, broke in pieces the mill-stones, as the tokens of their servitude, threatened to destroy the whole abbey and massacre the monks, unless a certain charter were produced, which the Abbot declared was at Westminster. During the next three days they extorted letters of manumission for all the serfs of the abbey. When the insurrection had been suppressed, the King sent officers to restore order at St. Albans; and, after some difficulty, the villeins surrendered the deeds of manumission, and pledged themselves to pay a fine for the damage they had done to the abbey. Grindecobbe and others were executed.

Similar scenes, only with more bloodshed, were enacted at Bury St. Edmunds, and other places in the counties of Suffolk, Norfolk, Cambridge, Lincoln, and Stafford. One of the leaders, called Jack Straw, before his execution, made the following confession of the designs of the rebels to the Lord Mayor of London:

At the same time as wee were assembled upon Blackheath, and had sent to the King to come up to us, our purpose was to have slaine all such knights, squires, and gentlemen as should have given their attendance thither upon him. But as for the King, wee would have kept him among us to the end, that the people might more boldly have repayred to us. Sith they would have thought that whatsoever wee did, the same had been done by his authority. Finally, when wee had

gotten power enough, that wee needed not to fear any force which might be made against us, wee would have slaine all such noblemen as might either have given counsell, or made any resistance against us; especially wee would have slaine the Knights of Rhodes of St. John's; and lastly wee would have killed the King himself, and all men of possessions; with bishops, monks, canons, and parsons of Churches; only friars and mendicants wee would have spared, that might have sufficed for ministration of the sacraments. When wee had made a riddance of all those, wee would have devised lawes, according to which laws the subjects of the realme should have lived. For wee would have created kings, as Watt Tyler in Kent, and others in other counties. (Stowe.)

The contemporary collector of the *Fasciculi Zizaniorum*, or Bundles of Tares, tells us that, when the insurrection had been quelled, and the King was at St. Albans :

The aforesaid John Balle, of Coventry, was there condemned by Robert Tresilian as guilty of treason, to be drawn, hanged, and quartered. And when he saw that he was condemned, he called to him William (Courtenay), Bishop of London, and afterwards of Canterbury; and Sir Walter Lee, knight; and mr. John Profete, notary; and there confessed publickly to them that for the space of two years he was a disciple of Wycliff, and from him had learned the heresies which he taught. . . . He also said that there was a certain organized band (*comitiva*) of the sect and doctrine of Wycliff, who had conspired together a kind of confederation, and had bound themselves to go round the whole of England preaching the matters of the said Wycliff, which he had taught them, so that thus all England together would agree in his perverse doctrine. And then he named the said Wycliff as the principal author of the plot, and in the second place Nicolas Herford, and John Aston, and Laurence Bedenam, Masters of Arts. And he further added, that, unless resistance were made to the aforesaid conspirators, they would destroy the whole kingdom within two years. (Op. cit. p. 273.)

In the following year the same author says :

Anno Domini 1382, a certain son of iniquity, Nicolas Hereford, master in theology, maintained and favoured master John Wycliff in all things; and said openly, that Symon, Archbishop of Canterbury, was put to death, and that justly, because he wished to correct his own master, and he said that no falsity could be found in any doctrine of master John Wycliff. Master John Wycliff went wrong in many things, but this most proud Nicolas said in his sermons things intolerable and most abominable; and was always stirring up the people to insurrection. (p. 296.)

In the face of all this testimony, I cannot see how it is possible to acquit Wycliff of the most direct complicity with the Rebellion. There were no laws against heresy at that time in England, and the strong Court influence of the Duke of Lancaster protected him from anything beyond spiritual censures.

When Parliament met, the King informed them that he had revoked his charters, but urged upon them the question, whether it was not advisable to enfranchise their villeins by common consent. But the Lords and Commons declared that "this consent they would never give, not to save themselves from all perishing together in one day."

Ten years afterwards, in 1391, Richard refused his assent to the petitions of the Commons that the sons of serfs should not be allowed to frequent the Universities, or that fugitive serfs should be seized without regard to the freedom of the city or borough where they were harboured. Although rejected by Parliament, the work of emancipation went rapidly forward; and, though still acknowledged by the law, villenage was silently dropping out of the life of England. In the later years of Edward the Third we find "villein-tenants by copy of court roll."¹ In the reign of Henry the Fourth they are called "tenants by the verge,"² but in the reign of Edward the Fourth, Sir Robert Danby, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and his successor, Sir Thomas Brian, afterwards laid down, "that the copy-holder doing his customs and services, should, if put out by his lord, have an action of trespass against him."³ Thus distinctly establishing his perfect freedom. The three volumes of the Paston Letters extend from 1422 to 1509, and contain among the letters, leases of land, accounts of rents, distrainments, reports of stewards or bailiffs, wills, and marriage settlements, yet in none of them can we find a single mention of, or allusion to any bondman, villein, or serf, as a living person. There are bequests to servants, male and female, but no mention of manumission. The mention of the witnesses in the case of Sir John Fastolf's will being "of free condition," shows that the idea of "servile condition" was fresh in the minds of the people, or at any rate of the law.⁴ Sir John Paston was accused of

¹ Littleton, 73.

² *Tenants per le verge*, 14 Hen. IV. 34.

³ Reeves' *History of English Law*, ii. p. 565.

⁴ We take at random five specimens of these witnesses: "John Dawson, husbandman (agricultor), literatus, libere conditionis. John Gyrdynge, . . . a cook, illiterate, and of free condition. Robert Inghys of London, gentleman,

having had a serf for his grandfather, but he proved, before Edward the Fourth in Council, that his ancestors had been gentlemen since the Conquest, and that his mother possessed "bondmen, whose ancestors have been bondmen to the ancestors of the said John Paston sithen the time that no man's mind is to the contrary."¹ Grandisson, Bishop of Exeter, who died in 1369, emancipated all his serfs, who were (*custumarii*) holders of a ferling of land, on his manor of Ottery St. Mary. The Registers of Bishop Stafford contain five charters of manumission, ranging from 1405 to 1418, that is, in the reign of Henry the Fifth. Littleton, who was Chief Justice of the Common Pleas under Edward the Fourth, and whose decisions have still great weight, lays down the law about villenage, both as to the tenure and as to the persons of villeins, as an existing institution. In the time of Richard the Third, one John Huston, brought an action against the Bishop of Ely for claiming him to be his villein. In the reign of Henry the Seventh, Chief Justice Frowike gave a reading upon villenage, which showed that it was not then obsolete. In another case it was held that if the lord granted the villein a lease for even one year or half a year, the villein was enfranchised. Henry the Eighth executed at Knoll a deed of manumission *et ab omni jugo servitutis liberasse* "to Henry Knight, a tailor, of Stoke Climsland, Cornwall, and John Erle, of the same parish."²

In 1574, Elizabeth granted a commission to William Cecil, Lord Burghley, the High Treasurer, and Sir Walter Mildmay, Chancellor of the Exchequer, "to accepte, admitte, and Receive to be Manumysed, Enfranchised, and made Free, sucche and so many of our Bondmen and Bondwomen in Blood, with all and every their children and Sequelism theire Goodes, Landes, Tenements and Hereditaments as are nowe apperteynyng or riguardaunte to all or any of our Mannors, Landes, Tenements, Possessions or Hereditaments within the several counties of Cornwall, Devon, Somersett, and Gloucester." Hallam observes on this deed, that it is the last unequivocal testimony to the existence of villenage; though it is highly probable that it existed in remote parts of the country some time longer.³

illiterate, and of free condition. Henry Clarke of Blowfield, husbandman, illiterate, and of free condition. John Tovy of Caistor, agricultor, literatus, and of free condition. His mother was Sir John's washerwoman." (vol. ii. p. 283.) It is curious that while the gentleman and the cook can neither read or write, two out of three of the husbandmen are lettered persons.

¹ Vol. ii. p. 281. ² Kyrmer, *Fied.* xiii. p. 470. ³ *Middle Ages*, iii. p. 182. 10th Ed.

Sir Thomas Smith says in Elizabeth's reign that he hardly knew an instance; but in the last year of Elizabeth, 1602, villenage comes into court. In the case of *Dighton v. Bartholomew*, "a writ *de nativo habendo* was brought, claiming the defendant as a villein, and judgment was given that he should be enfranchised for ever. This was the last claim of the kind."

This is the last instance of villenage¹ that appears; and we may assume that it had then died out of the life of England, although its formal legal abolition was not effected until the beginning of the reign of Charles the Second, when a statute was passed abolishing all services both military and base. "A statute," says Blackstone, "which was a greater acquisition to the civil property of this kingdom than even *Magna Charta* itself."² A similar statute was passed for Scotland in the twentieth year of George the Second.

It is, however, instructive to inquire, What was the effect of the abolition of serfdom? In the case of those villeins who held their land "by copy of the Court Roll," they had already become free-tenants. But comparatively few of the serfs were in this position; and, for the rest, emancipation indeed freed their persons, but it did not secure to them a single rood of land. Probably this was not much felt at first; for the fifteenth century was the golden age of the English labourer, though Mr. Rogers says that he lost in the sixteenth all that he had gained in the two preceding centuries. The "Statute of Labourers" laid down that any villein unemployed could be taken and put to labour by any one, on pain of being put in gaol. Under Richard the Second no servant could depart out of the hundred where he dwelt without a testimonial, and in default of such testimonial giving the causes of his wandering and the date of his return, he was to be put in the stocks till he gave security to return to his service. No child of either sex, who had been employed in husbandry up to twelve years of age might be apprenticed to any other craft; and no child could be apprenticed unless his or her father had land to the value of 20s. a year, attested by two Justices of the Peace.³ In the eleventh year of Henry the Seventh it was enacted that vagabonds, idle and suspected persons, should be set in the stocks three days and three nights, be sustained only on bread and

¹ Reeves' *History of English Law*, iii. 590.

² *Commentaries*, bk. ii. c. 5.

³ Reeves, op. cit. ii. 465.

water, and then put out of the town, with a forfeiture of 1s. on those who gave them more.¹ In 1530, under Henry the Eighth, a vagabond taken begging "was at the first time to be whipped out of the place at the end of a cart until his body was bloody: and he was to take an oath to return to the place where he was born, and there labour as a true man ought. Those found a second time in a state of vagrancy were not only to be whipped, but to have the upper part of the gristle of the right ear clean cut off. For a third offence he was to be committed to prison by a Justice, and then indicted for wandering and loitering; and if found guilty, he was to suffer death as a felon and enemy of the commonwealth."²

Even these savage laws failed to suppress vagrancy, and the clique that governed England in the name of Edward the Sixth, in 1547, passed a law, the preamble of which "laments the increase of vagabonds, and declares them to be more in number than in other regions," and then goes on to ordain:

That any person may apprehend those living idly, wandering and loitering about without employment, being servants out of place, or the like, and bring them before two Justices, who, upon proof by two witnesses, or confession of the party, were to adjudge such offender to be a vagabond, and to cause him to be marked with a hot iron on the breast with the mark of V, and adjudge him to be a slave to the person who brought him and presented him, and to his executors, for two years. The person was to keep him upon bread, water or small drink, and refuse meat, and cause him to work, by beating, chaining, or otherwise, in any work or labour he pleased, be it ever so vile. If such slave absented himself from his master within the two years, for the space of fourteen days, then he was to be adjudged by two Justices to be marked on the forehead, or the ball of the cheek, with an hot iron with the sign of an S, and farther adjudged to be a slave to his master for ever; and if he run away a second time, he was to be deemed a felon. Any person to whom a man was adjudged a slave, had authority to put a ring of iron about his neck, arm, or leg. . . . Any child of the age of five years, and under fourteen, wandering with or without such vagabonds, might be taken, and adjudged by a Justice to be servant or apprentice to the apprehender till twenty years of age, if a female, and twenty-four if a man-child; the child to be treated as a slave, and punished with irons or otherwise, if he run away. The master might assign and transfer such slaves for the whole or any part of their time.³

This is perhaps the most atrocious law that ever disgraced the Statute Book of a Christian country, and it is some con-

¹ Reeves, iii. 134. ² *Id.* iii. pp. 259, 260. ³ *Id.* iii. 462, 463.

solation to know, as Blackstone tells us, "the spirit of the nation could not brook this condition, even in the most abandoned rogues, and therefore this Statute was repealed in two years afterwards."¹ The Statute of Henry the Eighth was substituted for it. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, several laws of a similar kind were passed. Sir Thomas Smith gives the practical scope of them in these words :

And if any young man unmarried be without service, he shall be compelled to get him a master, whom he must serve for that yeare, or else he shall be punished with stockes and whipping, as an idle vagabond. And if any man married or unmarried, not having rent or living sufficient to maintain himselfe, doe live so idly, hee is enquired of, and sometimes sent to the jayle, sometimes otherwise punished as a sturdie Vagabond ; so much our policy doth abhorre idleness. This is one of the chief charges of the Justices of Peace in every shire. . . . As England is governed at this day, the eight and twentie of March, Anno 1565, in the seventh yeare of the Raigne and Administration thereof of the most religious, vertuous, and noble Queene Elizabeth, Daughter of King Henry the Eighth, and in the one and fiftieth yeere of mine age, when I was Ambassadour for her Majestie in the Court of France.²

Now, how came England to be "more than other regions" overrun with these "sturdie vagabonds"? Lord Bacon tells us in his *Life of Henry the Seventh* :

Inclosures at that time began to be more frequent, whereby Arable Land (which could not be manured without people and families) was turned into pasture, which was easily rid by a few Herds-men ; and Tenancies for Years, Lives, and At Will (Whereupon much of the Yeomanry lived) were turned into Demesnes. This bred a decay of People. . . . The King's wisdom . . . and the Parliaments . . . Took a course to take away depopulating Inclosures. . . . The Ordinance was, That all Houses of Husbandry, that were used with twenty acres of Ground, and upwards, should be maintained and kept up for ever ; together with a competent proportion of land to be used and occupied with them ; and in no wise to be severed from them. . . . This upon Forfeiture to be taken . . . by seisure of the Land itself, by the King and Lords of the fee, as to half the profits, till the Houses and Lands were restored. By this means the houses being kept up, did of necessity enforce a Dweller ; and the proportion of Land for occupation being kept up, did of necessity enforce that dweller, not to be a Beggar or Cottager, but a man of some substance, that might keep Hinds and Servants, and set the Plough on going.³

¹ *Comment. bk. i. c. 14.*

² *Commonwealth of England, circa finem.*

³ *History of Henry the Seventh, pp. 43, 44, Edit. 1676.*

Bacon's idea was that it was most important to keep up the English yeomanry, as the main strength of the army. For he says presently :

To make good Infantry it requireth men bred, not in a servile or indigent fashion, but in some free and plentiful manner. Therefore if a State run most to Noblemen and Gentlemen, and that the Husbandmen and Ploughmen be but as their work-folks and labourers, or else meer Cottagers (which are but housed Beggars), you may have a good Cavalry, but never good stable bands of Foot.

This passage shows that land was falling out of cultivation, that there was a difficulty in keeping up the farms of twenty acres and more, once held in villenage, but now enclosed as part of the domain of the lord. That the cottager class had no longer their five acres of land for their own use, but were mere "housed beggars." The poor had already begun to drift into the towns. The dissolution of the monasteries by Henry the Eighth must have aggravated these evils enormously. Godwin says that at the dissolution of the smaller monasteries,

These things of themselves were distasteful to the vulgar sort. Each one did as it were claim a share in the goods of the Church. . . . But the commiseration of so many people, to the number of at least ten thousand, who were, without any warning given, thrust out of doors and committed to the mercy of the world, was a more forcible cause of general distaste.¹

It is very doubtful whether even the copy-holders on the abbey lands could make good their claims, and the lesser serfs found themselves "free" indeed from serfdom, but ejected from the land on which their forefathers had lived, and handed over to the tender mercies of the greedy courtiers of Henry, or to the operation of those new-fangled laws which punished poverty as a crime. Froude shows that under Edward the Sixth these evils became worse and worse.

Leases as they fell in could not obtain renewal ; the copy-holder, whose farm had been held by his forefathers so long that custom seemed to have made it his own, found his fines or his rent quadrupled, or himself without alternative expelled. The Act against the pulling down of farmhouses had been evaded by the repair of a room which might be occupied by a shepherd ; a single furrow would be driven across a meadow of a hundred acres, to prove that it was still under the plough. The highways and the villages were covered with forlorn and outcast families, now reduced to beggary, who had been the occupiers of comfortable holdings ; and thousands of dispossessed tenants made their way to London, clamouring in the midst of their starving children

¹ *Annals*, p. 84, Edit. 1675.

at the doors of the courts of law for redress which they could not obtain.¹

Mr. Thorold Rogers, after reviewing the history of the last six hundred years, says, that to his mind, "England was at its lowest degradation during the twenty years which intervened between the destruction of the monasteries and the restoration of the currency."²

Thus the immediate consequence of the abolition of villenage or serfdom in England, inasmuch as the emancipated serf was ejected from his holding on the land, was the creation of that frightful amount of pauperism, which is at once the disgrace and danger of the British Empire.

When Henry the Eighth, and the guardians of Edward the Sixth had destroyed, under the pretext of superstitious uses, all the institutions by which poverty had hitherto been relieved in England, it was found necessary to provide some substitute. Accordingly, we find several Statutes of Queen Elizabeth, resulting at length in that celebrated Statute of 1600, which directed the appointment of "overseers of the poor," and workhouses for each parish or district; and authorized them to assess the inhabitants for the maintenance "of the lame, impotent, old, and blind, and such other among them being poor and not able to work." This Act, the foundation of our present Poor Laws, is variously estimated by many of us. Mr. T. Rogers says:

I can conceive nothing more cruel, I had almost said more insolent, than to condemn a labourer to the lowest possible wages on which life may be sustained, by an Act of Parliament, interpreted and enforced by an ubiquitous body of magistrates, whose interest it was to screw the pittance down to the lowest conceivable margin, and to inform the stinted recipient that when he had starved on that during the days of his strength, others must work to maintain him in sickness or old age. Now this was what the Statute of Apprenticeship, supplemented by the Poor Law, did in the days of Elizabeth. And if you go into the streets and alleys of our large towns, and, indeed, of many English villages, you will meet the fruit of the wickedness of Henry, and the policy of Elizabeth's counsellors in the degradation and helplessness of your countrymen. (*Ibid.* p. 425.)

At any rate, whatever our opinion about the Poor Laws may be, we cannot but see what vast and vital questions are bound up with the history of the "Abolition of Serfdom in England."

¹ *History*, v. p. 112.

² *Work and Wages*, p. 574.

Glencoonoge.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AT LAST!

MR. JARDINE on his way home called at the Castle to tell us it was now definitely settled that the inn was to be sold. All that had been lately wanting to this decision was Justin Ennis's consent—that he would give it was almost a foregone conclusion; and he had now finally written from Canada, agreeing, though with regret, to what in the circumstances was inevitable. But he declined in emphatic terms to have anything to do with the overtures to buy up his share which had been made through Mr. Jardine by Goble and Lend, the representatives of his brother's interest.

"Indeed," said Mr. Jardine, "their offer was so niggardly that Justin can hardly suffer by comparison if the sale is by auction. And with that proposal of mine Justin has fallen in. Listen to what he says: 'Your advice in this matter tallies entirely with my own opinion, and I feel that my interests can be in no safer hands than those of the wise and long-trusted adviser of my family.' A most estimable young man," added Mr. Jardine, as he folded up the letter, "whose high natural endowments have been carefully fostered by cultivation, improved by application, and enhanced by unvarying uprightness of conduct. Egad, you never saw two men so touched up by the refusal I sent them as my friends Goble and Lend. The place is half theirs already for a song, and they've got a hungry eye on the whole of it. I had hardly written them 'no,' when down they travelled here the other day all the way from Dublin; and after going over the place and seeing everything with their own eyes, what did my gentlemen do, but come over to me and privately double their bid! Did y'ever hear of such a pair of swindlers?"

"What might they have offered, if 'tis a fair question?"

"They thought to take away my breath, which between ourselves they fairly did," continued Mr. Jardine, who was sometimes hard of hearing, "but I needn't tell you I have declined that offer also. Indeed, armed as I was with these instructions"—and he held up Justin Ennis's letter and wagged it—"there was nothing else for me to do; and I gave Goble and Lend distinctly to understand that I could not entertain any private proposals whatever. 'Everything,' said I, 'must be done openly and above-board.' But the thing's a worry to me, an unceasing worry! Now for the next month or two I shall hardly have a moment I can call my own. The sale must be hurried on as fast as possible, for the season will begin in six or seven weeks, and 'twould never do not to have everything settled by then."

The O'Doherty acquiesced, but doubtfully, as if he was balancing in his mind whether the hurrying on or the delaying of the business would increase or diminish his chance of getting the place a bargain.

"So I have fixed the sale for to-morrow four weeks at Lisheen."

"Ah!" responded The O'Doherty, "I'm very glad it will be so close at hand."

"More convenient in every way," said Mr. Jardine. "Our most likely customers, unless I am mistaken"—with a glance at The O'Doherty—"live in the neighbourhood; and as for those at a distance, they will in any case be obliged to travel down here to look at the property, so that if they time their visit well, they need not be put to any additional trouble by our having the sale on the spot."

"Do you expect many from a distance? Goble and Lend, perhaps?" asked The O'Doherty, with a show of indifference.

"Those to a certainty," answered Mr. Jardine, "and others in all likelihood. 'Tis quite on the cards there may be a sharp competition for the old inn. Only yesterday I sent off a very attractive advertisement, detailing the advantages of the place and its many beauties, to be inserted in the Cork and Limerick and Dublin papers, aye and in a few London papers, too."

"Good heavens!" cried The O'Doherty, "you'll swallow up the estate in costs!"

"Not at all, my dear sir. A hundred pounds or two will cover all expenes—the way *I'll* manage it."

"You'll have all the speculators in the three kingdoms buzzing about the place like flies!"

"Sure, isn't that the very thing I want?" said the lawyer, triumphantly. "You don't suppose for my own credit I'd like a hole-and-corner sale? I must sell to the best advantage for the sake of my client."

The O'Doherty muttered impatiently, "Hang your client!" or at least so it sounded to the ears of the nervous lawyer, who stared half-alarmed, half-astonished, at his vexed host.

The latter's temper had not, however, got quite so far beyond his control as to prevent him from seeing that he was going on a wrong tack, and he almost immediately caught himself up.

"The fact is," he said, forcing himself to laugh, "well—you know I've never made it any secret with you, that I have my eye on the place myself; so you may imagine I look askance at competitors."

"Holding the position I do in this matter," replied Mr. Jardine with cautious dignity, "I am bound to stand unbiassed between all parties. As soon as the battle has been fought, then I shall be free once more to follow my own predilections; and personally, sir, I would be the first man to congratulate you on your success, if you were the winner. I will even go farther, and say that if you will tell me beforehand what price you are willing to go up to, I will undertake that it shall not be knocked down to any one else for a less sum."

"Sure I can go up to my own figure without any one's help!" cried The O'Doherty, his irritation rising again. "Do you think I don't know B from a bull's foot?"

"I merely say that, to show I am not in any sense antagonistic——"

"D'ye think I've lived all my life on the land without knowing what 'tis worth? Egad, I ought to know as much about that, as any lawyer within a hundred miles can tell me!"

"No offence, sir, I hope?"

"Not in the least, sir. None is taken where none is meant."

Madame O'Doherty, who had sat hitherto mostly silent—she rarely spoke much when the inn was the topic—here struck in; and I seconded her as well as I could in trying to laugh the matter off, and turn the conversation into other channels; but there was an angry light in The O'Doherty's eye which

neutralized our efforts, and made Mr. Jardine remember, sooner than his wont, that he had business waiting for him at home.

"Egad," he muttered when he was well out of the grounds, and having regained something of his composure was driving more securely along the road to Lisheen, "'twill be a month in Sundays before I'll put my head in *there* again—not till the sale's well over, anyhow."

Mr. Jardine was hardly gone, before The O'Doherty began to have an uncomfortable feeling that he had ill-treated the lawyer, whom he, nevertheless, abused roundly, walking in a fume up and down the drawing-room.

"I hope you have not offended the little man," said Madame O'Doherty, placidly, after this had gone on for some time. "He went away, looking quite frightened."

"He has only himself to blame. I declare the confounded airs he has been giving himself throughout the whole of this business are more than any man could endure."

"I should be sorry if he were not to come again," remarked Madame O'Doherty, after a further pause. "His visits are extremely amusing to me, he is so very, very ridiculous with his grotesque importance."

There is no doubt that Madame O'Doherty has the knack in quite an effortless way of subduing her husband's humours, of guiding his wrong-headedness, of showing him how to make dexterous advances towards reconciliation. If she continues to exercise this faculty as successfully as hitherto, the day may not be far off when he will not be at loggerheads with any of his acquaintance. Already under her influence he had called some time before on his cousin old Lord Lisheen at Killany, whom he had quite roused with his spirits and flow of anecdote, and on whose gouty old toes he had not once trodden during their interview. "No one can be more agreeable than you, James, when you like," his wife had said to him as he was starting on that journey. A few mornings after this ebullition with the lawyer, The O'Doherty rode over to Lisheen on business; he was not to come home without having dropped in on Mr. Jardine and done all he could—and that meant, said Madame O'Doherty in a half-aside, a great deal—to efface the unpleasant impression he must have produced, for Mr. Jardine had since been at the inn, but had gone home without calling at the Castle.

The O'Doherty walked his horse to suit my pace as far as the park gates, and then pricking its sides he set off in a canter

for Lisheen. Left behind, I strolled down the road in the opposite direction towards "The Harp," thinking how well I knew the road and its turns, and the great trees springing from its hedges. There was the gap through which Conn had led us one day to the Castle; yonder ahead, just turning into view, was the bridge on which it was a second nature with me to stand, and look over at the noisy Drumbeg rushing below; and now circled into sight the inn I knew so well. It had been my home at intervals for many years. I had seen its growth without much sense of change. But these late events had loosened its old associations from their moorings; they were drifting out of reach; soon they would belong only to the Past. Already was gathering over them the retrospective light, sweet yet full of pain, that rests upon the far-off days, all links with which are broken. The poor old inn! The luckless "Harp!" Yet there, unconscious what a melancholy ownerless thing it was, there it stood heedlessly shining in the morning sun. The soulless plants, too, climbing about its walls were throwing out fresh shoots and buds. Some evergreens in the beds hard by had cast their dark-hued leaves, and were putting on a vernal livery. The garden was not less trim or full of flowers than it had been every other year. The islands near the shore were bouquets of new colour floating on the surface of the bay. Over the surrounding heights and slopes, the forest-tops, and upland fields, Spring brooded with his quickening breath. So had the heartless year been young and green for many and many an April past, before so much had changed and passed away for ever. "Who can be in love," was the thought that flitted through my mind, "with beauty which tells you plainly it will be as joyous and as bright when your pulse has failed, and your eyes look fondly on it no more?"

Dan, coming out of the doorway, stood shading his eyes with his hand, peering into the glare and looking up and down the road.

"Well, Dan, what cheer?"

"Ah, sir, is that you? I thought I heard a footstep somewhere near."

"You were not far wrong, as you see. And so the *fiat* has gone forth and 'The Harp' is to go out of the family!"

"Yes, sir, so it seems. Mr. Jardine was here a few days ago making preparations."

We had entered the house and turned into the little room called the library.

"And where is Conn?"

"The two of them have driven over to Ballyford to see a bit of land they've heard of, that might do for a building site. But that's a secret, sir."

"Hallo!" I cried; "this is looking ahead with a vengeance. What wild scheme is in the wind now?"

"Well," said Dan, shrugging his shoulders and evading the question, "there's no telling, sir, what may happen."

"It must not be," I said. "Conn can never leave 'The Harp.' It would not be 'The Harp' without him."

"Och! it doesn't rest with him to say whether he'll go or stay," answered Dan, hurriedly, as catching sound of wheels in the roadway, he dashed from the room making for the hall-door.

Of course Dan was right; his words flooded the current of my interrupted thoughts. "Poor Conn, thou harmless peasant! they say you are the swiftest swimmer and can take the highest jump, and as a dancer are at least without your better in the village. Alas! you may have to leave Arcadia and go out into the cheerless world! Your freshness of feeling unsullied with a thought of evil, your kindly spirit untainted by greed, your soul free of sordid ambition—how will they endure contact with the wear and tear and sharp competition of the lower life in the great world? I wish for your sake and for the cause of fresh simplicity your old mistress had not died. The inn will remain, likely enough. The O'Doherty, for all his declarations, will never pull it down should he become the owner. But its old life will be swept away, and it is certain you will go. Some Swiss, some Dane, some anybody but a sapling of the soil like you, will take your place; and everything will be as monotonously regular, as precise, methodical, and uninteresting, as like establishments are in countries where they are managed on ordinary commercial principles."

"Put up your horse for the present," said a voice out in the road, "and come to me for orders later on." And then there were footsteps in the hall.

"Will you want a room, sir?" asked Dan.

"I don't know. I'll tell you by and bye."

"Do you want luncheon, sir, or to dine?"

"Get something ready. Anything. Don't bother me about it. Anything you like."

The tones sounded familiarly to me. But standing in the open doorway I was regarding the face of the new-comer for some seconds before I recognized, in the haggard man in front of me, the stranger of the wedding night, so gaunt had his figure become, so pallid were his cheeks, so much brighter was the light in his dilated eyes.

He came towards me with a suppressed excitement in his demeanour and held out his hand: "I am glad, but did not hope to see you," he said.

"Welcome once more to Glencoonoge," I answered, drawing him into the room.

There was, as I have said, a suppressed excitement about Mr. Chalmers, and I for my part was taken very much by surprise.

"You are the very last person I expected to see," I said, when I had shut the door and we were alone. "I calculated you were by this time well on your journey to Australia. It is a pity you are not."

"Do you too take me to be more dead than alive? Miss Walsingham, when I went to see her, did not know me."

"Neither did I—at first. Have you any news? What a strange mistake we made! It all seemed so likely. Has Miss Walsingham been able to help you?"

"No. She had heard nothing, could do nothing. But without knowing it she affected me. While I was in the act of talking with her, the conviction awoke again within me stronger than ever, that my sister is to be found."

"And is it a mere feeling of that kind that has brought you back here?" As I spoke I noted again his suppressed agitation, his trembling hands, his pale and sunken cheeks, and the wildness of his eyes.

"It is not 'a mere feeling.' It is something so strong that I am powerless in its grasp. It hurries me on. It will not let me rest—don't stare at me—you could not withstand if it held you as it does me."

"And you have come *here* again?"

"Where else should I come but to the district in which there is clear evidence of her having been."

He tapped his breast-pocket sharply as he spoke. That letter doubtless was there—that worn-out piece of evidence! I had no faith in it. But I did not dare either to question or to answer.

"We jumped too soon to a conclusion," he added, waving me away, and looking eagerly around the room and at the objects on the walls. "I had not half scoured this country. Without my knowing why, my hopes have grown more sanguine every day—they have grown to certainty"—his voice had risen in excitement as he said these words, but it broke as he added, "what if the certainty should take a shape more terrible than despair?"

What he said made me run cold. I feared to speak; I thought that he was mad.

"You know Mr. Jardine?" he resumed, quietly.

"The lawyer at Lisheen? To be sure I do. Very well indeed."

"Hearing him spoken of at Lisheen as the best informed man in the neighbourhood, I consulted him professionally, not expecting to be listened to without impatience by a hard-headed lawyer. To my surprise he heard all I had to say with the greatest attention; and encouraged by his sympathetic hearing, I was drawn from one detail to another, and did not finish until I had put him into possession of the facts from beginning to end. The strangeness of the story seemed to take his fancy; and he was disposed to add heightening touches of his own which would have lifted it at once into the region of the marvellous. I hope—fervently I hope, that his imagination has run away with him in suggesting the idea that has brought me here."

"Nothing more likely," I said. "I know his tendency. He is constantly telling extraordinary stories which cannot possibly have any but the slightest foundation in fact."

"Thank God if it is so! Come, perhaps you can help me. My head has been in a whirl with doubts and half recollections. Was there a wedding here that winter's night you found me in this room, or is it only fancy on my part?"

"Your memory is better than you think. It was a *bonâ fide* wedding, and a pleasanter one I never remember."

"Who were married?"

"The boots and the book-keeper."

"My God!"

"Don't you remember my telling you so at the time, and how much I pressed you to join us? Ah! the place is sadly changed since then. I was only thinking when you came, how desolate the old inn has become."

"What has happened?"

"The kind old landlady who smoothed the way to make two lovers happy, is dead."

"And the young couple have they gone?"

"As good as gone; they will hardly be here much longer."

"They are still here, then—in the house?"

"Not at this moment. They have gone to Ballyford; but they will be back in a few hours."

The young man wrung his hands. "It is impossible!" he cried out. "It can't be!" and then while I looked at him much puzzled, he turned again to me and said, "Do you know the room they call the linen-room?"

"The linen-room? Let me see. Yes, to be sure—the room where the linen is kept. I saw women there folding it one day."

"It is in your power to do me a great service."

"Only name it——"

"Take me to the linen-room—now—at once."

"Good gracious—why?"

"Don't ask me. Come, they are away—quick—now, while the coast is clear."

The linen-room was much as I had seen it on the only other occasion that I can remember to have been there. The linen-chest stood in its accustomed corner, the various pieces of lumber remained in their places unchanged, and nothing seemed to have been moved except the case which I had on that day heard the book-keeper refer to as her property.

"This is the room," I said, and proceeded as cicerone to point out those objects I have mentioned.

"Great heavens, it is a picture-case!" said Mr. Chalmers as I referred to the property of the book-keeper.

"They have been moving it lately, whatever it is, and see—it is open." I raised the lid an inch or two and saw the gilding of a frame and the dark surface of a canvas. "It is a picture-case," said I, "and the picture is inside."

Rapidly, and without a word, Mr. Chalmers lifted the lid I had dropped and threw it back upon its hinges. It struck against the wall and floor with a loud bang. I thought it was the noise that made him rush away with his hands to his head, uttering a sharp cry. But he stopped short and turning quickly round forced himself to look upon the picture; while pain,

amazement, joy, grief, and despair coursed over his countenance in rapid and confused transitions. Following his eyes as soon as I could withdraw mine from his face, I saw for the first time the snowy head, the black eyebrows, the grey eyes, and the florid face which Conn Hoolahan a few days previously had disintombed. The massive figure seated, the two hands resting, one on the other, on the handle of a walking-stick, and the grey eyes looking out at you, had the natural ease and almost the reality of life. I had never seen the portrait before, yet it struck me familiarly, recalling in an indefinite way something I had seen, or heard or read of. I turned inquiringly to Mr. Chalmers. He was clutching the back of a chair, his chest was heaving, his head was turned away; and suddenly covering his face with his hands he fell a-crying. More than ever puzzled, I stood for a moment looking from him to the picture and from the picture to him; and then remembering that it was hardly fair to watch a man in the moment of his weakness, I went over to the window and stood there looking out, waiting until the fit should have passed off; wondering at the same time what it all meant, and trying to recall the association that was linked in my mind with that portrait. Outside a shower had just passed over lake and mountain: the sunshine was streaming out again, and a rainbow bloomed into life against the departing cloud.

There was a sound behind me, and looking round, I saw that Mr. Chalmers had moved forward a step or two in the direction of the portrait. He stood looking at it for some minutes. Then he began to mutter passionate words, at first in a broken and inarticulate tone, but presently with more distinctness.

"There is no doubt of it," I heard him say. "I know it all by heart, even to the pattern of the frame, dingy as it is now. There! there are the muscles of the face beginning to work and quiver just as they used to; there is recognition in the eyes, the lips move. 'Are *you* my grandson?' He is saying it with the old look. 'Can you do great things worthy of my name? Will *you* be noble, brave and true, generous and self-sacrificing?' and still the look flickers between doubt and certainty—it did that when I was a child—it has been doing the same shut up there all these years."

Ha! I knew now. Our first meeting rushed back upon my mind, bringing with it disjointed fragments of that part of his story in which he had described his childish companionship

with a portrait. Was his story true then after all, and not the delusion of a cracked brain?

He turned away at length with a miserable sigh.

"It is my grandfather's portrait. My search is over."

"Your grandfather's portrait! I thought it was your sister you were seeking."

"In finding this I find her. Unhappy girl! Much better for her to have died!"

"Found her? Where?"

"Here, in this house. That girl—the—the book-keeper."

"She your sister!"

"Have you not told me yourself that that picture is her property? Have I not learnt from the Lisheen lawyer that it is the portrait of her grandfather? I tell you that is my grandfather's portrait, mine—and hers—my sister's—married to that—O God! What came over her, what did she go through before she came to this?"

It was of the book-keeper and of Conn, that happy pair, that he was raving! of the book-keeper, whose devotion to her husband was so beautiful to see! of Conn, that breath of fresh air, blithesome and kindly, as true and tender of heart as he was sound of wind and limb—of Conn, fearless of danger, free as the wind, happy of spirit—whose love had brought back joy to the youth of a drooping girl! Divided between alarm and curiosity to know what Mr. Chalmers would say next, I watched him anxiously as he now paced to and fro, beating his breast and talking to himself.

"It is my fault! I am accursed! What a retribution! If I had been near to guard her! Deserted, unprotected, driven, it must have been, by want—or by force, oh heavens! to think of it! Bound for life to a ploughman's son, a barman in a wayside public-house! Oh! why did she not die? How could she do it, she who was so proud that she would be beholden to none of her own rank, how could she sink so low?"

As indignation succeeded to compassion and self-reproach he paced backwards and forwards with fierce energy. His teeth were clenched, his lips compressed. He clasped his hands in front of him, holding them downwards at arm's length as he presently stood once more regarding the portrait, that discovered relic of his youth, which brought the Past and bitter Present face to face, sharpening the wretchedness of to-day by contact with early dreams, and bridging the intervening gulf out of which,

like phantoms, rose the dreary years of hardship, of ill-starred endeavour, and of deceitful success. How cruelly this last had mocked him! It had kindled hopes doomed to violent death—all of them but one; and that to a sickly life long drawn out and withered when at last attained.

"So this is the end! I may go back now into exile, and work for the sake of killing thoughts—thoughts that will not die, God help me! There is nothing but shame for me here. I will go back to the country in which I have no pride—go back, and speak no word to *her*. No, nothing—*nothing* shall induce me to own her now."

He put out his hands repellently, and spoke with a fierceness as if an unwelcome suggestion was being pressed upon him—as if the features of the old man there depicted were working still, and the lips still forming the words: "Will *you*, my child, be noble, brave, and true, generous and self-sacrificing?"

Abruptly turning away, he clasped his head between his hands, and held it as if it were bursting.

"I don't know what I am doing or saying," he whispered; "my head is on fire. What shall I do for quiet and darkness? Oh, for a little coolness!"

"Come away," I said; "your old room is empty. Rest there a little. Don't look at that again"—his eyes were wandering back in the direction of the painting—"don't let the people of the house see you in this state, it will be misunderstood. Should you really have made the discovery you think——"

"Should I really have made it!" he repeated bitterly; "can you suggest the shadow of a doubt?"

"Well, well! you will be better fit to decide what to do when you have had time to think quietly. Come!"

The energy which had but now possessed him had departed, and he suffered me to force him upstairs. The spring air blew freshly into the room into which the sun shone brightly; and, remembering his demand for darkness, I went to the window to pull down the blind. He flung himself upon the bed and lay there motionless and silent, answering nothing to my questions. I hurried downstairs to tell Dan what had become of the visitor—that he was asleep, and on no account to be disturbed; and to find out also whether by any chance it was Dr. O'Leary's day to be at the dispensary. It was not, and,

worse still, Dan had heard that the doctor would be away from home for some days. However, returning in the course of half an hour to room No. 7, I found Mr. Chalmers had grown calmer and less indisposed to conversation. He asked whether "they" had returned, and, hearing they had not, said he would stay at "The Harp" that night.

"And to-morrow too, I hope," said I. "Take time, man; rest and be quiet. You are ill; do nothing rashly. I know both your sister and her husband, and when you know as much, I think you will agree with me that she has not been unfortunate."

He shook his head and made an impatient gesture with his hand, as if my suggestion was too preposterous to be listened to. So I pressed it no further.

Soon after there was the sound of a vehicle of some kind approaching at a quick rate. I went to the window and pulled up the blind, and presently the gig, containing Conn Hoolahan and his wife, dashed into view. Dan ran out to hold the horse's head; Conn shored his whip, and throwing the cloth off his knees jumped down and ran round to the other side to help his wife to alight. He looked well dressed in his suit of navy blue. Already I found myself regarding Conn with a new interest, and with an effort to realize the kind of effect he was likely to have on the critical eyes which were looking down on the group from beside me.

"Are there many visitors stopping in the house?" asked Mr. Chalmers.

"No one but yourself."

"Who are these?"

"Young Lord Blarney and his sister," said I, with sudden inspiration; "stopping for luncheon, perhaps."

His eager look relaxed to carelessness, and then turning away with a sigh: "Have you any idea when the—the others will return?"

"These *are* they," I answered. "I purposely misled you. Lord Blarney would look a poor creature beside this straight young mountaineer."

Mr. Chalmers came hurriedly to the window again. The book-keeper's face was all aglow with healthy colour after the rapid drive, and she smiled on her husband as with strong grasp he lifted and set her lightly on the ground. Then she disappeared into the inn, and Conn after her. I looked at my companion's

face. There had been no favour in it as he looked down upon the pair, and now he glanced at me suspiciously. Clearly I had meddled too much.

"I will leave you," I said. "I am long overdue at the Castle. If at any time you think I can be of service——"

But he interrupted me with a shake of his head.

"Thanks," he said, coldly. "No one can do anything for me now."

CHAPTER XXIV.

WHAT NEXT?

"AND you never guessed?" cried Alicia, with a mixture of astonishment and indignation when I had told her the whole story.

"Then you think it is all true?" I asked.

"Of course it is true."

"I confess I began to think so myself when I learned from Conn—though it was very difficult to get him to talk on the subject—that the picture is really a portrait of his wife's grandfather, and that his wife came, as he said, 'of great people entirely, over in England.'"

"Oh, Horace! Who would have thought you could have been so stupid! What possibility of doubt can there be? And to keep it all to yourself too! It was not fair to have secrets."

"My dear girl, I never had the least idea——"

"But if you had only told me, I should have known directly."

"It is all very well for you to say that so confidently, but I don't believe you would have been any wiser than I was."

"And you believed," she went on, beginning to laugh at the idea, "that your friend was the brother of my stepmother! How amused papa and the others will be when they hear!"

"Alicia, they must not hear," said I in great alarm; and I proceeded to explain to Alicia very seriously how disastrous any interference whatever, on her part or on mine, might prove to the slender chance which existed of a reconciliation between the brother and sister. Alicia, like the good and generous girl she is, threw aside her slight vexation and the pleasing prospect of creating a sensation at home, and declared that under *those* circumstances she would be content like me to await the course of events; but she stipulated at the same time that she was not

to be denied in her curiosity, nor kept in the dark any more. I promised faithfully, and Alicia became quite joyous.

"It will be so exciting," she said, "and oh! how delightful to be mixed up in a romance!"

"I wish I was sure," I answered, "that it is a romance we are witnessing and not the beginning of something very like a tragedy; for it would be nothing less if this man's turning up should lead to the sundering of two hearts. Imagine the creeping-in between Conn Hoolahan and his wife, of regret on one hand and of jealousy on the other! Only think for a moment. This Mr. Chalmers has already 'struck oil.' Some day before very long, if he lives, he may be a rich man, and it would have been in his power to have lifted his sister above the reach of all pecuniary anxieties——"

"How nice for her, poor thing! I hope he will."

"Supposing he should: do you think the book-keeper would then be content with her present station; or that in the occasional fallings-out which are inevitable between husband and wife, it will not often occur to her that she had been rash in accepting her rustic lover?"

"Inevitable fallings-out! Oh, dear! I hope we are not going to have any fallings-out!"

"Will you be quiet and let me speak?"

"Oh, dear, how cross you are!"

"There, now!" I cried, exasperated, "you have put it all out of my head."

"I am so glad! Because, do you know, Horace, I don't agree at all with what you are saying."

"You don't!"

"No. Believe me everything will turn out well."

"You are very young, Alicia. But I hope you are right. In that case Mr. Chalmers will keep his promise; he will conceal his identity, and take himself off to the place he came from. And yet that seems rather hard, too."

"And then," I resumed, "poor Conn—brave, true-hearted, quick enough to learn, but only moderately ambitious—just picture him, chilled and grown suspicious on account of the change in his wife's regard, and cursing, in the bitterness of his heart, the intruding brother who has turned his happiness to gall! No, I am not at all sure, all things considered, that it would not be the best thing that could happen if Mr. Chalmers were to go back to Australia, and spend the rest of his days—anywhere,

rather than mar the happiness of that young couple who are poor now only in one sense."

"Surely he will never, never do that! It would be so cruel, when he can do so much good. He would never be happy—never forgive himself. And as for her, only imagine her feelings when she learnt——"

"She need never learn."

"Oh, dear! Am I to keep this secret for ever? Oh, dear! how unkind you are to wish such things!"

"What things, my love?"

"That he may go away without telling her."

"It may be the lesser of two evils."

"Are you very old, Horace?"

"Thirty next birthday."

"Oh, dear! I should not at all like to be so old."

"It is nothing wonderful. You will be as old yourself if you live long enough."

"I shall not like it at all. Old people are so unpleasant, they are always spoiling sport, they are always warning you, and telling you not to do things. It would be so much nicer for your friend to stay with his sister and be comfortable."

"We will hope that the best may happen."

"Oh yes! let us hope for that. What you suggest is very sad. Let us talk of something else."

The being privy to this affair was a cause more of impatience than of enjoyment to Alicia, so little was there to be heard of Mr. Chalmers, and that little at such rare intervals. He received me the next morning with an evident disinclination to revert to the subject, and I did not go near him again for some time. But he shunned all intercourse so palpably, that people shrank from giving him even "Good morning," or from making so much as a casual remark about the weather. As a rule no one knew whether he was in the house or not; or what became of him when he went out. Undoubtedly he spent much of his time abroad; but it seemed as if he must watch for opportunities when he might descend the stairs and pass out unobserved, so little was known of his movements; and on the rare occasions when he was seen, his coming and going was like what the flitting of a shadow might be, which haunts a place, hearing, seeing, and saying nothing. His jarvey, whom he did not remember for some days, and then dismissed, remarked before he left Glencoonoge that the "gintle-

man" seemed to have lost all interest in the gentry of the neighbourhood, about whom he had been very inquisitive up to this: also that he had been "mighty thick entirely" with Mr. Jardine of Lisheen; statements which, while they gave rise to many surmises about "No. 7," only served to make his present isolation more difficult to understand.

As the days passed, he was sometimes seen by one or other of the country people here or there among the mountains, always far away from any house or home. He asked no questions, nor did he ever speak to those whom he met. He walked with his eyes on the ground and did strange things—breaking out suddenly into excited talk, or beating his breast, or striking his hand against his forehead. And if he looked up and saw himself observed, he would start and become all at once silent and composed; or would turn aside and let some hillock shut him out from notice.

It was in fact alone out in the mountains, wandering aimlessly among the trackless hills, that Mr. Chalmers spent most of his days; out there alone with his weary, joyless, hopeless thoughts. But once at least he compelled himself to face the bitter present. One Sunday, after Mass, as Father John was passing from the chapel across the green to the schoolmaster's house to breakfast, a man he had never seen before, climbed over the stone wall of the woody churchyard, and hurrying towards him, asked if he might look at the marriage register belonging to the chapel. What thought inspired him? Was it the hope that perhaps he might discover some flaw, some loop-hole by which the fatal compact might be evaded?

Father John, though a little surprised, made no difficulty. The register was at the schoolmaster's, he said; he was on his way there now. The stranger accompanied him in silence.

"About what date?" asked Father John, unlocking the cupboard and taking out the volume.

"Four months ago," was the answer.

"Four months ago!" repeated Father John, remembering there had been only one marriage anywhere about that time. "What name?"

"Hoolahan," said the stranger.

Father John, as he turned the pages of the register slowly to gain time, shot more than one glance at his questioner.

"There, sir," he said at length, pointing to the latest entry.

There it was, the fatal record in black and white; Conn Hoolahan, bachelor, of full age, son of Daniel Hoolahan,

farmer, and Jane Chalmers, spinster, of full age, daughter of Thomas Chalmers, gentleman. And there were their signatures and the marks of their witnesses, and the attestation of John Moriarty, P.P., that he had duly married them.

"'Farmer' and 'gentleman,'" said the stranger, looking the priest steadily in the face. "This was not a well-assorted match."

"And why not, sir, pray?" retorted Father John, sharply. "There are farmers and farmers, and gentlemen and gentlemen; aye, and gentlemen farmers for that matter. And the farmer is often a better gentleman than the gentleman; and the gentleman nearly always a worse farmer than the farmer. 'Gad, taking him all round, I think the farmer may easily be the better man of the two. I'm a bit of a farmer myself, you must know, and the son of one, like the young man you're turning up your nose at. May I ask in what way you are interested in these people?"

But Father John's rough impulse, suitable enough perhaps to his parishioners, who, under certain friendly conditions rather like than otherwise to be ruled with a high hand, was calculated only to lock more stubbornly the door of Mr. Chalmers' reserve.

"I want an extract of this," he answered sharply. "Will you be good enough to make it out, and tell me what your fee is?"

Father John's curiosity was aroused, and as he made the extract the perception grew upon him that he had gone the wrong way to work to satisfy it. Signing the copy he handed it to his visitor, saying more coolly: "Farmer's son or no, Conn Hoolahan is as worthy a young man as there is in my parish. And there are not many, let me tell you, who would take a penniless girl for a wife, when there was more than one stout farmer's daughter to choose from, with perhaps a hundred pounds, aye, and more than that, to her fortune."

Long before the next Sunday came round Father John had forgotten the incident; but Mr. Chalmers had not ceased to revert to his words, or to unfold and read anew the record of his sister's marriage. How charged it was with bitter reflections! Only four months before! And he had reached Glencoonoge on that same day, and slept in the house on the very night! A little sooner—but no! the old fatality which had opposed him throughout his life, had thwarted him then, and dogged him still. Did he hope there might have been some flaw in the ceremony? the paper in his hand gave a *quietus* to that hope. Did he find a comfort in imagining that his sister might be already tired of, and would welcome escape from, the toils in

which she was now entangled? the comfort died in its birth. He could not often see those two, he could not often listen to their voices and overhear occasional scraps of their conversation, without perceiving that the young husband was a lover still, and that the book-keeper had not at all the air or tone of one who is the victim of regrets. Her husband was everything to her; as for her brother! he had died long ago and been forgotten—had no place even in her mind, much less in her heart. Let those who will, draw out for themselves the mental pangs which Mr. Chalmers endured during those solitary speechless days, when he wrestled in the vain struggle with accomplished facts; cursing his luck, inwardly railing at his sister, at himself, at every one he had ever known. This for many a day was his round of wearing anguish, and even after his sullen grief and rage had begun to spend themselves, and to lose their exclusive hold upon his thoughts, even when returning health had somewhat strengthened his mind and caused it at intervals to hunger for food other than that it had fed upon too long, even when self-reproach had partially convinced him that he was indebted chiefly to himself for the irretrievable humiliation which had blasted what remained of his ambition, there were still times when the old rebellion against the spite of fortune boiled as hotly as ever in his blood, and nearly maddened him.

Meanwhile the rapidly approaching crisis in their own affairs made Conn and his wife concern themselves very little about what their strange visitor was doing. As the time when the fate of "The Harp" would be decided drew near, their feelings became acuter every day—Conn growing more impatient, the book-keeper more fearful. Some instinct warned her that she would find disillusionment outside of the charmed circle of these mountains. There was fulness of light and warmth and happiness in her life now, because every day Conn was more dear to her. More dear! nay, he was an ideal which in the secret depths of her heart and in the silence of her thoughts she worshipped. What sound was there so musical to her ears as the sad cadence of his voice? That fairy lake and the hills which it reflected were quite beautiful in her eyes only when he was somewhere in view. Only to see him cross the road coming towards the inn was enough to make her heart beat more lightly. But amid the rush and din and smoke of town life, what lot awaited them? In London, years ago, she had been wont to do lay-visiting in poor, ill-smelling districts; and there rose up

before her mind's eye the squalor and the manifold miseries of which she had gathered some idea ; and the recollection made her tremble for them both. Poor Conn might take his colour in her mind from low surroundings ; he might be contaminated and become no more the same. She would feel for the first time what it was to have descended in the social scale. Her happy dream would wither and die. Oh ! how could such shipwreck of their happiness be escaped ?

The more this problem presented itself to her mind the less was she able to meet it in any way but one ; till at last, when Conn talked of advertising, and of England, and of America, his wife told him she would rather live on bread and water in these wilds than go again into the outer world.

To stay in Glencoonoge, or within hail of it, would be no penance to him, Conn thought. To leave his father and his brothers, his mother's grave and his early home—it would be a wrench only to be endured for the sake of the fortune he would surely win somehow. For always in the background of his imaginings there was the luring brightness of returning some day before very long, to take up again, under securer and more prosperous conditions, the old pleasant life, with his fresh youthful hopefulness still green, and no vacant places of old friends gone, to make the heart ache of evenings in the twilight. But if his wife made such a point of it, he was ready to forego his chance of a prize. What would he do with it when he got it, only give it to her ? And he might not get it, and what then ?

So Conn threw himself with ardour into every suggestion that his wife made, and cudgelled his brains to find out how she might have her wish. But it was no easy task. At the inn at Slaney, twenty miles off, there was an opening, but only for a single man. Terence McGrath was anxious to get his farm off his hands ; but who on earth would think in such times of giving the sum he wanted for his tenant-right ? Conn said, not he for one, if he had the money—which he hadn't.

Yet the taking of McGrath's farm might be feasible if only McGrath would be reasonable. The book-keeper thought they might do worse. There at least, she thought, they would be independent—free to live unmolested, undisturbed ; and therefore happy. Conn would encourage her by saying that McGrath when he found no one would give him what he asked, might come down in his demands. Then there was many a spot along the coast, many an unknown bay, or sheltered creek, or

bracing height, where Conn's imagination would perch an inn, with tourists flocking from all parts, when once it should be known. He and his wife had some money saved. He could build a rough shanty himself with a little help, a place good enough to begin with, if only they could get a bit of land on lease—if only! There was nothing more difficult to obtain in that part of the country than a building lease, and of all the schemes that flitted through Conn's brain, there was not another so unlikely ever to take shape. To have an inn of his own! it was the latest, the boldest, the most favoured idea which had yet occurred to him. His mind hovered about it, busy to discover a way by which the initial difficulty might be overcome. After that all would be easy.

One evening, as they sat talking things over by the fire in the room off the office or bar, which from old usage continued to be called the book-keeper's parlour, Conn brought his hand down upon his knee with a bounding slap as if he was suddenly inspired.

"What is it?" said the book-keeper, looking up eagerly.

"Nothing," said Conn, with assumed carelessness.

"But it *is* something; tell me. I want to be cheered up. You have got an idea? I should like to know. Come, come now, Conn! I am not going to be put off."

At last, after much fencing, Conn explained: "I was thinking there's one thing we haven't tried yet."

"Oh! what is it?"

"The wishing-stone," said Conn.

"The——?"

"The wishing-stone; at St. Kieran's well. Do you mean to say you don't remember? Sure didn't we stand on it on our wedding-day? Wasn't it through the wishing-stone I ever got you at all? Wait now. The first fine day that comes, I'll walk out to Kierankil, and I'll go on the stone. It never failed me yet, and it'll go hard if it doesn't stand by me now."

The book-keeper burst out laughing, and Conn smiled too; but only because he was pleased to see laughter chase away the look of care which sometimes, without her knowing it, settled upon his wife's face, not by any means because he thought his notion was a thing to be laughed at. "Very well," was all he said. "Not another word now; wait till you see."

But the book-keeper's face soon composed itself. In presence of Conn's simplicity she felt as people feel before the innocence of a child, that it is a beautiful thing, and one to be jealously

guarded, both from baneful knowledge and destructive self-consciousness; and presently with a sigh she gravely encouraged his intention, and when the time came, wished him God-speed on his journey, and told him to be sure to be home before dark. And so it came to pass that, unseen by any human eye, Conn Hoolahan stood once more bareheaded upon the stone, under the drifting clouds, with the boisterous sea on the one hand not far off, and the wild and rugged hills on the other: and he said his prayers: and finally, in all good faith, he turned slowly round three times and took his wish. Then gaily quitting the stone he scudded with a light heart up the hill to see his friend, Jeb Donovan.

But Jeb was away, out fishing, his wife said; and after resting awhile in the cabin, drinking a basin of milk, hearing all the good woman had to say, and telling his own news, Conn started homewards, not returning direct to the road, but striking across country to cut off an angle, intending to meet the road at a point nearer home, where it bent inland going towards Glencoonoge. One advantage of taking this cut was that he could prolong the down-hill part of the journey, and by trotting it, get home at a quicker rate. He had gone a mile or so thus obliquely, skipping from hillock to lower ledge, and occasionally splashing with a shout into spongy ground, when, being nearly out of breath, he slackened pace, and began to proceed more leisurely, looking about him the while, for till now his eyes had been fixed upon the ground immediately in front of him. And thus it happened that he saw, just as he was passing it, an object lying in a hollow a little to the right, on a level slightly lower than where he was walking. He pulled up short and looked at it an instant, and then he leaped down to the lower ground and hurriedly advanced, approaching more slowly and with lighter tread as he got nearer. It was a man lying quite motionless on his face, with arms outstretched: he lay as if he had not moved since he had fallen. A coldness ran through Conn as he stood over him. Was the man dead? Conn looked round to see if there was any one he could call to for help, but no one was in sight. Conn thought he knew who it was, and he stooped over the prostrate figure and touched it on the shoulder; but there was no responsive sign. Then he shook him, calling out: "Sir! sir! is there anything the matter? Bless us an' save us!" he cried, after a pause, "what's happened to the man?" Lifting him up sideways, Conn rolled him over softly on his back. It was "No. 7." His eyes and mouth were closed; but while Conn

was still bending over him, eagerly watching to see if he breathed, the eyes opened and met Conn's.

"The Lord be praised!" cried Conn. "You gave me such a fright, sir, as I never had before. I've been trying to rouse you, and not being able to, I thought you must be—are you hurt, sir?"

The anxiety in Conn's face, the mingled roughness and kindness in his words and tones perplexed the stranger.

"You!" muttered "No. 7," recognizing him; and withdrawing his eyes, he looked sideways at the grass on which he lay, and upwards at the sky over his head. Gradually he remembered that he had passionately flung himself there prostrate in a paroxysm of despair and rage, calling on Heaven to take his life. Was it only sleep then, and not death, that had been so calm!

"Why did you waken me?" he growled, trying presently to rise. "Could you not have left me alone?"

"What happened to you at all?" cried Conn, making to help him.

"There—leave me alone," was the ungracious answer. "I'm only stiff:" and as he stood upon his legs and looked around, seeing the glory of the sunset, "Evening!" he exclaimed, "I came here, before mid-day; have I been asleep all day?"

"Is that all?" said Conn, adding, half aloud, "'Gad, strangers are queer things entirely for getting into crass places." Then suddenly bethinking himself, "'Tis time we were moving, sir. We're a long way from home; the light will be gone in no time, and there's many a ditch and stream, and pools and sloshy swamps that we'll have to pass down there below, into which 'twould be the easiest thing in the world to tumble in the dark."

"Are they deep enough to drown in? So much the better."

"Oh, Lord, sir, don't talk like that! Ah! but I know how it is. I'm afraid you are not well, sir. Sure we've seen it all along, but you fight so shy of us all, we didn't like to tell you there's a doctor comes twice a week from Lisheen. No one ought to be long ill at Glencoonoge—no one that's young that is, because of the good air. But come along, sir; don't stand."

In spite of himself Mr. Chalmers was arrested by Conn's chance words. She had discussed him then—his sister! Had some natural instinct stirred her sympathy, although she did not know the stranger was her flesh and blood? Mr. Chalmers looked at her husband with curiosity.

"Go you on. I don't want you."

"I declare then I'll not leave you, sir," said Conn, determinedly. "I wouldn't for all the world have it on my mind I'd let a sick man and a stranger lose himself in a place like this. Come on now, do, sir."

Conn's odd mixture of anger and supplication did not altogether displease "No. 7." "Lead the way," he said, in a softer tone. "I'll follow you."

Conn, fearing the darkness, started off willingly, taking care every now and then to look back to make sure that the inexplicable stranger was keeping to his word. "No. 7" was following in what Conn took for dogged silence; he was in reality regarding his self-elected guide with more favour than he had yet bestowed on him. He was measuring with his eye Conn's breadth across the shoulders; he was thinking the height of the young mountaineer was remarkable, and that he was straight and well proportioned: he was admitting that he had a fine fearless bearing, and that his alert movements had an effortless grace about them pleasant to look at. Whether Conn slackened his pace to judge of the firmness of the ground in front of him, or lifting his head, swept with a glance the sky and hills, or turned half round, keeping himself informed how it fared with his charge, he still held his critic's attention. And at the same time Mr. Chalmers' mind was going back upon the startled expression in his guide's face his eyes had opened on, Conn's look of relief which had succeeded, and the unheeding words he had dropped, so thrilling to his hearer.

The truth is that Mr. Chalmers was under the spell of Conn's indefinable fascination which so many have felt. Somehow during these moments everything conspired to help its working: there was solace in Conn's chiming voice to-night, and kindness in his words, even when he spoke roughly; the accidents by the way, the very changes in the air, befavoured it. As Conn had foretold, the darkness was already overtaking them. The afterglow of the sunset died out, and the rapidly falling shades of night found the pair with much of the dangerous tract they had to pass still unaccomplished. They had now reached the rugged valley full of huge mounds, and swamps all undrained, which justified Conn's warning about the difficulties of its passage in the dark, and the dangers of the streams and pools and quaking bogs formed by the accumulated waters from the hills. Mr. Chalmers began to

perceive how easily a man might meet his death in such a place, and to think uncomfortably of what fate might have awaited him, had he traversed by himself that desolate place, so chilling and terrible in the gloomy light. Growing inwardly more thankful that he was not alone, he followed docilely Conn's footsteps as the latter twisted and turned, choosing the paths and climbing the hillocks that he knew so well.

"Is this a short way you have brought me? I have not been here before. It is a dreadful place."

"Did you get to where I found you, by the hills?"

"Yes, and would have returned that way."

Conn suppressed an exclamation. "You would never have done it. I'm very glad I found you, sir. You must have walked many miles to-day."

And truly when Mr. Chalmers remembered with what nervous energy he had torn over the ground that morning, almost, it now seemed as he thought of it, like one possessed, he did not find it difficult to believe that Conn's terse comments had much significance behind them. But this was no time for talking. The light had quite gone. The ground, with all its uncertainties, was uniformly black. Mr. Chalmers kept close to the heels of his guide, who had to stop every now and again and consider, and go cautiously. For a long time they moved forward with unexpressed anxiety, and every moment their rate of progress seemed to become more slow.

"Gently here!" chimed Conn's voice, all of a sudden in the dark. "This is a wall of loose stones—there's a break in it somewhere. Here it is; mind how you tread. You must feel your way; there are great boulders lying all about."

And so there were, and a horrible sound of rushing waters somewhere in the blackness. The wall being crossed, a few steps brought them to the verge of a wood, through which they tore themselves with much difficulty; Conn leading the way unseen, and holding the hand of his charge, which he had taken possession of without a "with your leave or by your leave:" and as they advanced, the sound of the rushing torrent grew nearer, until Conn drew up, as it seemed, upon its brink; but it was invisible, the darkness of the night being intensified by the closeness of the trees.

"There are stepping-stones across, if I can only find them," said Conn, feeling about with his foot.

"How deep is the river?"

"Two or three feet mayhap," answered Conn; "but there are ugly holes, and I've no mind to wade it. Here we are! Now give me your hand again, sir," and Conn drew "No. 7" along, directing him how to advance, recovering him once just when he had lost his balance, and landing him safely on the opposite shore. The getting through the thicket on this side was less difficult, and all of a sudden they stood on the white road, broad and firm, and heard the waves of the friendly sea breaking near.

"Egad," said Conn, with a laugh, "I wouldn't care to do that over again. We were none too soon. 'Twas mighty well the darkness didn't catch us before, or I don't know what we'd have done; for the worst was over, sir, before it got so black. But all's safe now. Keep to the road, sir; there's not a turn out of it. You're only three miles from 'The Harp,' and you can't go wrong. As for me, I must hurry on before, or else the wife 'll be fretting her life out. She knew where I was gone, and I'm so late she'll think all sorts of things, and be in a nice fright."

"No. 7" said some words of thanks as Conn was beginning to start.

"You're welcome, sir," sang back Conn, and resumed his running.

Mr. Chalmers was alone once more—almost sorry to be alone. He stood thinking, wondering at the change he felt in himself, and listening for a few minutes to the lessening sounds of his guide's rapid footfalls; and then, mending his own pace, made for the inn, glowing with a newly awakened interest.

Conn had rightly calculated the effect of his prolonged absence on his wife, whose relief at seeing him safe and sound did not prevent her from beginning to scold him for having made her so uneasy. She declared that he had sat talking with his friend Jeb Donovan too long, and that was the whole secret of it; that it was just like him, and that he never had any consideration for any one but himself.

"Wait till you hear," puffed Conn; and as soon as he was breathed, he gave her a history of all his doings, from the time of his setting out. But the book-keeper did not really listen until he came to his account of "No. 7"—of where he was found, of his sullen behaviour, and of certain fearful expressions that had fallen from him.

"Oh, Conn!" said the book-keeper, horrified. "You should not have left him till he was safe indoors."

"Listen to that!" ejaculated Conn, addressing the ceiling, "and I after breaking my neck home all for her!"

"The man," exclaimed the book-keeper, "is not in his right mind. Depend upon it, he has it in his thought to make away with himself. Gracious goodness! If he doesn't come back to-night! Oh, why did you leave him? It would be the ruin of 'The Harp' and of us, if anything of that kind were to happen."

"Gad, I don't see that 'The Harp' matters much to us now. But never fear, Jane, he's not such a fool."

"I believe now what I have thought more than once is true: that he is in some great trouble; and when a man is distraught——"

"Faith, if you'd only seen the jump he took! And let me tell you, he was careful enough not to wet his feet, and clutched my arm when he nearly fell over in crossing the brook. Never fear! His bark is worse than his bite. In a few minutes you'll see him come in as brisk as a bee, and roaring like a lion with hunger."

"Tell them to get dinner ready at once."

"I will," answers Conn, dragging himself up from his seat, "so don't disquiet yourself, my dear." And he added, as he lounged towards the door, "He's been asleep there all the day long in a bracin' air, and 'tis fine and rested he ought to be, and ready for anythin'."

Responsibility sat less lightly upon the book-keeper's shoulders than it did upon Conn, and on this particular evening she was unusually nervous. The anxiety which she had felt at first on her husband's account was now continued on behalf of "No. 7." Nor was her mind set at ease when by-and-bye she heard the stranger coming in; but she must needs begin to look ahead, fancying that the fulfilment of her apprehensions was only postponed. If "No. 7" would but take his departure, she thought, that would be the easiest way out of the difficulty. But he showed no signs of moving, and something must be done. All the evening she was restless, with her mind at work. Sometimes she would rise and pace the room; and once she went out upon the doorstep, and stood there as if she were seeking counsel of the night. It looked less black now than it did to the wayfarers an hour or two before. The sky had become cloudless, the new moon was going down, and stars were flickering bluely. The peaks and the lines of the mountains were clear cut against the heavens; but all lower things—the pine-covered slopes, the bare

mountain-sides, the islands, the jutting promontories, and the waters were fused in shadow. Bats were making long straight darts of flight, and sudden swerves and turns; and the book-keeper's thoughts went out from her, and wandered in the dusk with backward and forward movements quite as fitful. How should she approach this moping stranger, who had suddenly become so important in her eyes? Presently, by a swift transition, she was living again in the time, three years before, when she was herself forlorn and silent, and the world was strange, and the outlook was like black, unbroken night; and her thoughts travelled on towards the faint dawn and growing light that brightened the interval between then and now—a retrospect she was wont to dwell upon, cherishing it, and vowing its colours should never fade, let come what might hereafter; and all of a sudden she was once more contemplating with sympathetic mind the picture which Conn's account presented of "No. 7" lying reckless out in the mountains, under the sky, thrown there like one who had abandoned himself to despair.

Something—a slight sound, a breathing near, brought her to herself, and she started, finding she was not alone. A man—not Conn, nor Dan—was close beside her on the doorstep. It was "No. 7." Her scared movement made him turn, and looking in her direction, he drew back quickly with an exclamation; for he saw her white face and no more, and thought it was his dead mother's.

The book-keeper forced herself to laugh.

"You frightened me, too, sir. I did not know that any one was here."

"Who are you?"

"Only the book-keeper, sir."

"Only the—ah!" and he drew a long breath. "You are dressed in black, that was why I did not see you. I thought—"

His nervousness gave her courage, and as he did not proceed, she struck in, "It is not the first fright, sir, you have given me to-night. My husband has told me of your narrow escape, and I am afraid we have both been to blame for not putting you on your guard long ago against our treacherous hills and swamps. It is not safe for any stranger to venture so far from the road alone, as you do, even in the daytime. There are plenty of young men about here who would only be too glad to act as guide for a mere trifle, and it would be a charity to employ one or other of them."

He did not speak : and stood as motionless—looking neither to the right nor left—as if he had not heard her. But at last, just as the book-keeper was again about to break silence, he said :

"*Our* hills! from your speech I should not have thought that you belonged to this country."

"I belong to no other," laughed the book-keeper, quite willing to be personal, if by that means she could draw out her guest. "I have lived here so long, taken such deep root I may say, that I don't know how I could bear transplanting."

"But you are right," she continued, after there had been another period of silence, "I am not a native of this place ; and when first I came, I little dreamt I should in the end have taken to it so kindly. I was very low in health and spirits, I remember, quite as depressed as you seem to be. I fear, sir, you are neither well nor happy."

"Do you judge me by the light of your own experience?" he asked ; and then, with a sudden candour, "You are right in your surmise. Things are all wrong with me, and it is impossible they can ever come straight again."

"Others have thought that before now, and have lived to find themselves mistaken. You look better lately than you did when you came three weeks ago. The air suits you."

He made no answer.

"And as for trouble," the book-keeper went on, trusting to her intuition, "there are few griefs that Time does not soften. What seemed once unendurable we come at length quietly to accept. To us who are young, even if we have survived all we once cared for, Time is very gracious ; for it is full of hope and promise, and imperceptibly it unfolds new interests and new prospects."

"No. 7" laughed scornfully, and cried out, "And suppose in its turn the second crop is blighted, do you think it is possible for a man still to have faith in promises and hopes? Ah, no! But it is well for you if you can be contented. I am very glad you are happy."

Suppose the second crop were blighted! It flashed upon the book-keeper that she had once been nearly losing Conn ; and what had the outlook been like, then? Suppose her husband were to die a little while hence! Could life have any more happiness for her? She faltered in her argument. If this poor man were in some such plight, how worthy he was of pity, and how idle to try to console him by words!

"What can I say, knowing so little about you as I do? I am sure, sir, I wish I knew how, and I would willingly lighten your trouble. Why are you so reserved? It cannot be a good thing to be always silent and solitary, as you are. Why do you not take counsel—not with me—I know too little; but there is Father John. People go to him when they are distracted with doubt or in some distress of mind, and they are none the worse for it, and often much the better."

"The rough priest at the chapel yonder? I don't like the man."

"He is a good man."

"That may be. He can do me no good."

"Well," said the book-keeper, with a sigh, "it is getting cold, I must go in." Her teeth were chattering. "I think my husband is alone. Won't you come and sit by the fire with us?"

"You are very kind," he said. "Another time. Good-night," and descending the steps, he passed out into the darkness.

"Conn," said the book-keeper, awaking from a train of reflection she had fallen into after detailing this conversation to her sleepy husband, "I wonder what his name is."

"I haven't an idea."

"I have been thinking," continued the book-keeper, "we mustn't leave him so much to himself."

"Why, what on earth——"

"We must talk to him more, see if we can amuse him; show him over the inn—do something, anything to keep him from getting morbid. He is not so unapproachable as I thought."

"Faith, I don't see, from your own account, that you made him much more amiable, after all."

"No. But *you* will succeed, Conn."

"Is it I? The fellow hates me."

"No!"

"He does then, I know it well enough. I've seen it in his eye before now."

"There! That's he coming in. Go and light his candle, ask him if he's tired after his day's adventures, wish him good-night, and pleasant dreams, and quick recovery. Say anything, and everything that's kind."

Reviews.

I.—JUS CANONICUM GENERALE.¹

THE Abbé Pillet has for fourteen years taught Canon Law in the Catholic University of Lille. He made his studies in Canon Law in S. Apollinare, the Seminary of Rome, and his work shows how admirably the French clergy of our time, to whom the teaching of so important a subject as the legislation of the Church is committed, conform themselves to the spirit of Rome. There is not a word to be found in this volume that breathes in the very faintest degree of the restrictions imposed by Gallicanism on the liberty of the Church. "The manner of the promulgation of a law," says our author, "must be left to be determined by the authority that makes the law. The ordinary and sufficient method of promulgation of a Papal law is its being affixed to the doors of St. Peter's at Rome and in the Campo de' Fiori. So a general law in itself has binding force as soon as it has thus been promulgated at Rome. The same is to be said of the other acts of the Curia Romana, as the judgments passed by the Congregation of the Index," &c. Gallicanism is dead where this is held; and it is an unspeakable comfort to feel that a French book can now be expected to be thoroughly Roman. This is true, no doubt, of the teaching of all French seminaries, but if there is one body in France beyond another that we may be sure will be Roman, it is "the Catholic Faculties of Lille."

Professor Pillet has set before himself the very useful task of codifying the Church's law. To the methodical mind of a Frenchman, legislation seems hardly to deserve the name unless it is in the form of a code. We ourselves, with our English laws, are anxious for codification, but it is a task of considerable

¹ *Jus Canonikum Generale*, distributum in Articulos, quos collegit et ordinavit A. Pillet, Presbyter diœcesis Camberiensis, Juris Canonici Professor Ordinarius in Facultatibus Catholicis Insulensibus. Parisiis: Lethielleux.

difficulty. So far we may comfort ourselves by reflecting that the great body of law that governs the Church Universal has not yet been reduced to a codified form. M. Pillet ventures to hope that, when the Holy See thinks well to attempt the work of reducing her ancient and world-wide legislation to the form of a code, his little book may be found of use.

Meanwhile the Professor's work may serve as an excellent text-book for the use of Canon Law scholars. After an introduction on Church law, we have the whole subject divided into three parts or treatises, on "Persons, Things, and Judgments." The treatise on "Persons" is subdivided into books on "Clerics, Laymen, and Regulars." "Things" subdivide into "spiritual things properly so called, sacred things, religious things and temporal things." "Judgments" are handled under the three headings of "judgments, penalties, and offences." Each subject is still further subdivided and re-subdivided in an exhaustive manner. We can recommend the book to any professor of Canon Law who is in search of an orderly text-book.

Wherever we have dipped into the work, we have had every reason to be satisfied with it. At the foot of each page there are very useful references to the laws of the Church that are here condensed. If a single point has struck us in our examination as hardly accurate, it is that in treating the subject of Regulars, the author extends his definition to Congregations of simple vows, apparently regarding the members of such Congregations as if they were in the same position as the Religious of Regular Orders properly so called, who for three years, according to the legislation of Pius the Ninth, take simple vows only. The distinction is no doubt clear enough in the Professor's mind, but we doubt whether from his book the student would learn the difference between true Religious, and those who, though not belonging to Religious Orders, share in their privileges by concession of the Holy See.

2.—SAYINGS OF CARDINAL NEWMAN.¹

Amid the mass of literature, created by the death of Dr. Newman, not the least interesting and useful is this small volume, wherein the sayings of the Cardinal on a variety of subjects are brought together from newspaper reports of

¹ *Sayings of Cardinal Newman.* London: Burns and Oates, Limited; New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.

speeches, addresses, sermons, and letters. Having fed his fellow-countrymen for so many years with the bread of truth and of life, all England now unites to gather up the fragments which remain, that nothing be lost!

The frontispiece of the book is a portrait taken a few weeks before death, and the "Sayings" within are about poetry, education, religion, politics, and what not. A few extracts will illustrate the value of this handy little volume.

Who is better able to say a word about poetry than the author of *Lead Kindly Light*? Poetry, according to Dr. Newman, is the science of the beautiful. To colour objects with loveliness is to be a poet. Hence those writers or painters or other persons who merely represent or think of the exterior surface of things are not true poets. Dr. Newman would exclude for this reason from the Pierian choir such aspirants as Crabbe and Wilkie. He denounces also the poets who beautify false objects. Milton makes Satan, Byron makes Cain, poetical. There is danger here, because the mind, "by long contemplation of beauty," becomes transformed into what it feeds upon. Dr. Newman has rather a curious allusion to the "Ode on Immortality."

Wordsworth had asserted that a child was the only true poet, and had pictured in one of his poems a child with all the poetry of childhood thrown around him, yet gradually losing these associations as he grew older, until when he arrived at manhood he became a mere ordinary mortal. (p. 2.)

Wordsworth, we fancy, had too good an opinion of himself as a poet to go quite so far as this, or to mean quite as much as this in his "Ode on Immortality," though the thought is an interesting one.

In 1851, seven Anglican clergymen and fourteen laymen were received into the Catholic Church at Leeds, and Cardinal Newman preached a sermon on the occasion. His description of the immediate result of a reception into the one, true Fold is very genuine. He must have had before his mind, besides his own experience, the result which followed the reception of our Lord into the bark of St. Peter on the troubled waters of the Lake. "There was a great calm," said one who felt and saw it. Here are the words:

What was it that they who had that day been brought into the Catholic Church had received? They had received day for night, light

for twilight, peace for warfare. There was not a change so great as that which took place from the state of doubt and confusion and misery in which the soul was, external to the Catholic Church, to that peace which it found when it came into it. They knew it was said that there is a silence which can be heard, which can be felt. Any one who had been at sea, and who had for days and nights heard the billows beating at the sides of the vessel, and then came into port, knew what a strange stillness it was when the continued noise of the billows had ceased. When a bell stopped there was a kind of fulness of silence which was most grateful from the contrast. So it was in comparing the tumult and irritation of mind, which they felt in their long seeking for peace, with the joy experienced when they had found it. It was the rich reward of their long anxieties. (p. 5.)

This is merely the experience of every convert to the Catholic Church, but who can analyze it so well as he who spoke these words! In the same sermon the effect of disestablishment on the State religion is thus prophetically depicted :

That was the great distinction between the Catholic Church and every other body. Every other body depended upon the world. Take away its worldly support and it goes. There was no Protestant who would not grant, when he came to think, that the Church of England, for instance, would go to pieces directly the temporal support was taken away. It was impossible that it could stand. Protestants knew that very well. All the most sagacious knew it well. He recollected perfectly well, several years ago, a person in authority in the Church of England gave out a charge. What did he say? "The State is a very bad mistress, but we must put ourselves under its protection, and surrender ourselves to it, because we cannot get a better." (pp. 8, 9.)

On receiving notice of his elevation to the Sacred College, Dr. Newman comments upon the reason of the Holy Father :

His act, said he, was a recognition of my zeal and good services for so many years in the Catholic cause. Moreover, he judged it would give pleasure to English Catholics, and even to Protestant England, if I received some mark of his favour. (p. 18.)

The Cardinal then points out what he considers the greatest service he has done to religion in England. "For fifty years I have resisted Liberalism in religion."

Liberalism in religion is the doctrine that there is no positive truth in religion, but that one creed is as good as another, and this is the teaching which is gaining substance and force daily. It is inconsistent with the recognition of any religion as true. It teaches that all are to be tolerated, as all are matters of opinion. Revealed religion is

not a truth, but a sentiment and a taste—not an objective fact, not miraculous; and it is the right of each individual to make it say just what strikes his fancy. (p. 18.)

Dr. Newman considered this as the most destructive enemy of social life in England.

There are several "Sayings" about Ireland, and they are all full of one great spirit of love and sympathy. The promotion of charity and true union between the two peoples and countries seemed ever uppermost in the Cardinal's mind whenever he had occasion to pronounce on the matter. Dr. Newman never forgot the generous reception of himself among that warm-hearted race. Here is an allusion in 1879 to his resignation of the rectorate of the Catholic University of Ireland.

Nor did they show less kindness at the end of my time. I was obliged to leave Ireland by the necessities of my own Congregation at Birmingham. Everybody can understand what a difficulty it is for a body to be without its head, and I had only engaged for seven years, because otherwise I could not fulfil the charge the Holy Father had put upon me in the Oratory. Not a word of disappointment or unkindness was uttered, when there might have been a feeling that I was relinquishing a work which I had begun. (p. 22.)

In another place we find a pertinent allusion to the temporal power of the Holy See :

The Holy Father, the Hierarchy, the whole of Catholic Christendom, form not only a spiritual, but a visible body, and as being a visible, they are necessarily a political body. They become, and were meant to become, a temporal polity, and that temporal aspect of the Church is brought out most prominently and impressively, and claims and commands the attention of the world most forcibly in the Pope, and in his court, and in his basilicas, palaces, and other establishments at Rome. (p. 30.)

Further on we find the Cardinal's view of a College tutor and his mission :

When I was public tutor of my College at Oxford, I maintained even fiercely that my employment was distinctly pastoral. I considered that, by the statutes of the University, a tutor's profession was of a religious nature. I never would allow that, in teaching the classics, I was absolved from carrying on, by means of them, in the minds of my pupils an ethical training. I considered a College tutor to have the care of souls. (p. 35.)

One of the most interesting of the quotations is "on the relation between Catholics and Protestants in England," taken

from an address at Birmingham in 1880. Cardinal Newman thus alludes to the slanders, currently believed by Protestants, against the Catholic Church.

As we have lasted 1,800 years and the Protestant sects around us only three hundred, it need not surprise any one if more could be said by our enemies against us—truths or falsehoods, exaggerations or misstatements—than could be said against them even if we tried, especially since from our very greatness we have vastly more temptations and opportunities to act wrongly than they have had. And since (bad luck for us) we have never kept a register of Protestant scandals, as our enemies have kept of ours, and in consequence were in no condition to show that what there had been evil or faulty in times past in our body was to be laid to the charge, not of our religion, but of depraved human nature, we are at a great disadvantage. (p. 47.)

Towards the end of the book we find a summary of the two sermons preached in an Oxford pulpit again in 1880 after so many years. They were the first and last that he preached in his *Alma Mater* as a Catholic. What is most striking about these few words spoken at such a place and on such an occasion is that they might have been spoken anywhere else, so simple are they and so devoted only to spiritual truths and the salvation of souls.

The volume closes with a reply to an address so late as July, 1890. It is headed, "For the last time," and it ends, "God bless you." The cloud of death which received him out of our sight hides him still blessing at the last as during all the long years of his earthly pilgrimage.

3.—ECCLESIASTES AND CANTICLES.¹

We have to announce a new volume of the *Cursus Scripturæ Sacræ*. It contains the commentary on Ecclesiastes and Canticles, and is the first contribution to the *Cursus* of Father Gerard Gietmann. These two books are short in mere bulk, but they require a great deal of minute exposition. Especially is this to be said of Ecclesiastes, in order that the consecutiveness of its thought may be established against the numerous modern writers who find in the book only a patch-work of proverbs culled from various sources and strung together loosely. Father Gietmann has endeavoured to meet

¹ *Cursus Scripturæ Sacræ, Commentarius in Ecclesiasten et Canticum Canticorum*. Auctore Gerardo Gietmann, S.J. Paris: Lethielleux.

the difficulty of combining the minute discussions thus required and the simplicity of treatment suitable to the mass of readers by a three-fold distinction of type.

Who is the author of *Ecclesiastes*? It is declared with sufficient distinctness in the opening sentence to be the composition of Solomon: "The words of the Preacher, the Son of David, King of Israel." This designation, might, indeed, conceivably have been adopted by some subsequent sovereign of the line of David, but the natural presumption is in favour of Solomon as the person intended, and in this sense it has been consistently taken by Christian and Jewish tradition alike. Not till the Reformation was there a whisper of contrary opinion heard. Nowadays, however, *Ecclesiastes* shares the fate of the other sacred writings, and the question of its authorship is delivered over to hopeless speculation. As usual, the argument of those who reject the witness of tradition is based mainly upon the linguistic peculiarities of the book. The few other points appealed to as indications of a later age, are trivial and easily answered. The linguistic problem is carefully discussed by Father Gietmann in an introductory dissertation, but such a discussion does not admit of being criticized in a notice like the present. We must be content to insist with him on the radical uncertainty of linguistic arguments in the case of Holy Scripture. Throughout the entire Old Testament the language remains in the same stage of development, so comparatively slight are the varieties of form and construction which characterize the different books. This does not mean to say that no period at all can be distinguished by the nature of the language employed, but it does mean to say that we cannot afford to be very positive and minute in our determinations. Certainly the "critics" do not allow linguistic differences to offer any insuperable obstacle whenever they feel moved on other grounds to assign to some portion of the Old Testament a date widely separated from that to which it had hitherto been referred. Thus the Pentateuch used to be regarded as the very type of the more ancient form of the language, and as the standard by reference to which the age of a book like *Ecclesiastes* would have to be estimated. Now, however, the larger portion of the Pentateuch is held by such writers to have been composed after the exile, that is to say, at the time when the second linguistic period is declared to commence by philologists who, like Gesenius, can only find two linguistic stages distinguished

with sufficient sharpness for recognition. The same lesson is taught us by the course of "critical" opinion concerning the date of Ecclesiastes itself. Almost every conceivable date from the ninth to the second century before Christ has been claimed for it by one writer or another within the last hundred years. Is a phenomenon like this at all compatible with the notion that linguistic differences are marked enough to be held as a decisive criterion?

If Solomon was the real writer, we must infer that he repented in his old age, for the stand-point of the writer is clearly that of an old man reviewing the experiences of a life which has run its course, and the tone is the chastened tone of one who has renounced the follies of sin and learnt at last true wisdom. That Solomon did thus repent is nowhere directly stated in Scripture, but is perhaps implied in the prophetic words of Nathan to David. It is, however, expressly contained in the Jewish tradition, as we learn from St. Jerome, who reports that "the Jews say this book was written by Solomon as a penitent acknowledgment of his sin against God by trusting to (worldly) wisdom and riches, and by his lasciviousness." Father Cornely, in his Special Introduction, thinks that these words of St. Jerome give us more than we can reconcile with the tenour of the text. If this contains Solomon's personal confessions, how comes it that we have no clearer reference to the particular sins of idolatry and voluptuousness into which Solomon is recorded to have fallen? This is certainly a difficulty, but Father Gietmann, if we understand him rightly, does not deem it insuperable, and we are disposed to think he is right. The language of the Preacher, notably in chapter ii., is distinctly the language of personal confession. It is his own past conduct and experience which he reviews and estimates. Are we not, then, reduced to the alternative of either admitting that St. Jerome's informants are correct, or that Solomon was not the writer? Perhaps the explanation is that although the Preacher had his own experience in view, he wished to give his work a more general reference. The variety of human life when wrongly led is his theme; he wished to bear testimony to this truth from his own individual experience, but at the same time to set forth in this experience what would be of common application to all, and not merely personal to himself.

Father Gietmann takes persistent pains to make clear the drift of the Preacher's argument. This has been much mis-

understood by writers, and explained in senses altogether inconsistent with the sacred character of the book. The doctrine enunciated has been pronounced to be fatalistic and pessimistic, and the practical exhortations based on it to be rank Epicureanism. No doubt such words as these, "Nothing is better for a man than to eat and drink, and make his soul enjoy good in his labour," do at first sight seem to have an Epicurean construction, and there are several of similar purport. But Father Gietmann points out that the real recommendation is not this, but to live contentedly on the fruits of quiet labour, under the fear of God and the remembrance of a future day of reckoning. This counsel is enforced by reflexion on the utter vanity of mere worldly wisdom and pleasure, and the inflexibility of the course of Providence is insisted on as showing the hopelessness of all attempts to find happiness save in submission to the decrees of Providence and the fear of God.

We must deny ourselves the pleasure of any detailed notice of the Commentary on Canticles, and must be content to recommend it as a satisfactory antidote to the outrageous modern attempts to explain the book as the glorification of human love. Father Gietmann vindicates for it the only tenable exposition, that which takes it to be an allegorical representation of the love between Jehovah and His people, specially in the culminating stage of theocratic development, in other words, in the love between Christ and His Church. The exegesis, also, both of Ecclesiastes and Canticles we must pass unnoticed, except to say that it sustains the character already gained for this *Cursus*.

Just as we go to press, we receive the volume on the First Epistle to the Corinthians, by Father Cornely. This we shall hope to review in our next number.

4.—PRINCIPLES OF ANTHROPOLOGY AND BIOLOGY.¹

It was asserted that the proper study of mankind was man long before the science of anthropology received its distinctive name. Man naturally takes an interest in all the human characteristics, social and political, moral and physiological, physical and pathological, in which we resemble one another,

¹ *Principles of Anthropology and Biology.* By the Rev. Thomas Hughes, S.J. New York: Benziger, 1890.

or differ widely. Our present means of observation and the facts brought to our notice have largely increased our knowledge of the human race, and some of the data thus gathered together have been used as the basis of arguments levelled against many an old belief.

Father Hughes has done good service in publishing a brief but lucid and well arranged summary of the most salient points which modern research has established, and while accepting many of the facts which are so prominently pushed to the front, he shows, very conclusively, how unsound and logically fallacious are the theories which are arbitrarily fashioned to support foregone conclusions. Not a few of our scientific men furnish us with finished examples of the power of the "wish to believe" in their single-minded devotion to pet fancies, and it is to these petted children of scientific imaginations that Father Hughes applies his treatment, "not of a specialist, but that of the philosophical critic, who gauges the value of scientific proofs by the general laws of reason and philosophy." Anthropology begins the study of man in the ages before history began, before it occurred to any one to hand down to curious and inquisitive after-generations the deeds, generally the misdeeds, of their progenitors. Conjecture may roam freely among the possibilities which lie beyond the range of surviving documents and traditions, the times outside of history which have left us fossils for documents and for traditions flint arrow-heads and piled up banks of oyster-shells. We cannot withhold our interest in the men who shaped the flints and eat the oysters, and who have left so little to tell us of their transient presence on this globe of ours. Modern scientists indeed have laid violent hands upon them, and bring them triumphantly before us as specimens of primitive man emerging from barbarism and taking his first step in upward development when he chipped his flint and piled his oyster-shells more or less tidily in one place. But does this prove to demonstration an upward development? Might it not just as clearly argue a downward movement? Facts hard as flints and numerous as shells on the sea-shore lend themselves with marvellous plasticity to bolster up widely conflicting theories. If you begin arbitrarily with assuming that a superior kind of ape struggled upward till he became an ape-man and a troglodyte, a dweller in caves, these flints and shells come in handily to prove the upward movement. But if you decline to make such an assumption? Then

are the flood-gates of scientific but inconclusive rhetoric opened upon you to prove

The origin which the cave-men *must* have had down among the tribes of apes. . . . But the more civilized men had been before, the more resources they had enjoyed *outside* of themselves for procuring food and clothing and shelter, the fewer resources they would find in themselves, and the more abject would their condition be. We may bring the matter home to ourselves, for it is quite possible that the present civilization may collapse into depths undreamed of now. Other great civilizations have vanished like a dream of the night before us. In a similar contingency starvation would follow for ourselves and for our children. Add then to the physical conditions which are always within easy distance of realization, add the moral conditions soon to follow, of rapine, cruelty, and the other vices attendant on a collapsing state of society. With all the terrors of war and civilized control, how hard it is to keep in check the brutal element in human nature, either in a country at large or in a single city! What must it be when authority is no more, when martial law has lost its terrors, when traditions are dying out, every man's hand against his neighbour, and all ready to pounce on the weakest! Such individualism issues in barbarism, yes, African degradation, cave-men, troglodytes, yes, apemen. But then the ape-men will have come down from above; they will not have mounted from below!

When we are groping our way amongst the mists which precede the dawn of history, we certainly find man in an elementary stage of social development, but in our conjectures as to what has caused this elementary state of things we do not always give fair play to the theory that it *may* have resulted from decay no less than from an advance upon stages still more elementary. Father Hughes reminds us of Professor Virchow's Wiesbaden address, in which it was stated that

Every positive advance which we had made in the study of pre-historic anthropology had removed us further than before from any proof of evolution to be found there. Man has not arisen from the ape, neither has any ape-man existed linking the two species together. As to historic races, he proved that the Australian, which is quoted as being the most imperfect among them, is shown to be nowise ape-like, but entirely human, like ourselves. Finally, touching the biological question of the transformation of species, he affirmed that it is not yet possible to give any certain proofs of man's tertiary origin.

We hear but little of the other side of the evolution hypothesis, for even scientific writers are not free from the sheep-like tendency to walk in the beaten track. Without

440 *Maldonatus' Commentary on the Holy Gospels.*

the least intentional unfairness, the very habit of looking at things from one point of view which specialists unconsciously form, and of which Darwin felt the influence, biasses the mind and judgment, and blinds the mental vision. It is a colour-blindness transferred to a favourite working hypothesis, which sees everything through its own one-hued medium. And herein lies the value of Father Hughes' handy little manual, it sets familiar facts in what to many will be a new light, showing clearly the logical insecurity of many accepted theories, the fallacy of not remembering that geological time is not our historic time, "and there is no ascertained formula to make the reduction of one in terms of the other," and other points eminently useful and suggestive which should be borne in mind when dealing with the prevailing theories of man's upward progress. But our readers should consult the book itself, to see how neatly Father Hughes works out his conclusions, showing against the idea of evolution from non-human ancestors that the tradition of most races tell of migration, while the races themselves bear witness to their migration in the language of their every-day life, that their available testimony points to a descent rather than an ascent, as the furthest stage to which we can trace them, dim recollections of a golden age, and the time when heroes were

Beyond history, there gleams a dawn of mythology, and fable—not the fable of the ape-man coming up from tribes of brutes, quite the opposite; gods coming down to be heroes and men. . . . Traditions coming down to us by many an avenue, like an old melody never lost, sing of a better time that was, of a supernatural state which was and which ceased to be—of a sin and then a fall, and then after many days, of a future better state that is to come.

5.—MALDONATUS' COMMENTARY ON THE HOLY GOSPELS.¹

Another volume of the English translation of Maldonatus' *Commentary on the Gospels* has just appeared, well got up and handsomely bound, beautifully printed, and, as far as we have examined it, with very few mistakes, even in the Hebrew and Greek quotations. But this material excellence is of small importance compared with correctness of rendering, and it is this which is the *quæstio stantis aut cadentis versionis*. A

¹ *A Commentary on the Holy Gospels.* By John Maldonatus. Translated by George J. Davie, M.A. St. Matt. chaps. xv.—xxviii. London: John Hodges.

correct rendering implies that nothing should be omitted and nothing changed. We naturally turn to the Petrine and Eucharistic passages to see if there has been any omission with a view to render the volume more acceptable to Anglicans. We are glad to say that there seems to be no single word omitted, and that the Catholic doctrine is given in words as clear as those of Maldonatus himself. Thus in St. Matt. xvi. the true explanation of our Lord's words to St. Peter is boldly and bravely put forward without any attempt to smooth down their meaning for the benefit of non-Catholics. The same is true of the Institution of the Blessed Eucharist, where the various heretical allegations are carefully stated and refuted. The translation may justly be called a Catholic translation, and may be put into the hands of Catholics with perfect safety.

Until an English Catholic Commentary is written (and when will this be?), the literal translation of the great Catholic commentators is an invaluable treasure. We have to congratulate Mr. Hodges on the enterprise and energy with which he is publishing volume after volume of Maldonatus, Piconius, and à Lapide. On one or two of the former volumes we had reason to animadvert with some severity, and for this reason it is the greater pleasure to be able to praise the one now under review.

Yet our praise is not quite unmixed. We observe some occasional inaccuracies. For instance, in the following passage there is a very doubtful rendering of the Latin tenses and of the word *continuo*. It occurs in the passage on the Keys in St. Matt. xvi. : "The fourth error of these men (the Calvinists) is the denial that the Roman Pontiff is the successor of Peter. They say that Peter was either never at Rome at all, or, if he were, it can never be shown that whoever was the Roman Pontiff then was his immediate successor." These last words do not give clearly the meaning of *Quicumque Romanus sit pontifex, ejus esse continuo successorem*. It means, "Whoever is the Roman Pontiff now is his direct successor." We suppose that the translator put the *past* as referring to the Calvinists of the time when Maldonatus wrote : but this does not plainly appear, and the immediate successor of Peter would be the Pope who came immediately after him. So the translation of *Ep. ad Episc. Vienn.* as the Ep. to Bishop Vienna instead of to the Bishops of Vienne, is unfortunate.

Sometimes too the force of the original is toned down with-

out any necessity. For instance, instead of "Calvin is not to be listened to, who says that Christ suffered all the pains of the condemned, among which was utter despair," Maldonatus says far more forcibly: "Our ears must be closed to the blasphemy of the heretics in this passage, of whom Calvin is the leader, when he says that this cry (*Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani*) was one of despair, and when he confirms one impious error by another, saying that it was necessary that Christ, on whom the anger of God due to man was being poured out, should suffer all the penalties of the lost, among which one is to have no hope of salvation." It is true there is no essential difference in sense, but it is just as well to be exact.

Yet on the whole we should describe the work as being done very carefully and well. We notice the care in a correction which he suggests, p. 492, and where there is clearly a clerical error in the Latin. Mr. Davie proposes *malam* instead of *bonam*, and this is certainly necessary, unless indeed we omit the particle *non*, which occurs twice in the sentence.

We hope that this valuable book may be duly appreciated on both sides of the Atlantic, and we recommend it to those who have not a sufficient facility in Latin to read the original. To convents as well as to private libraries, it will be a most useful addition.

6.—WHO AND WHAT IS CHRIST?¹

Who and What is Christ? is a logical closely-reasoned demonstration of the Divinity of our Lord. It begins from His own testimony that He was the Son of God before the Jewish tribunal, the meaning of His words being established beyond doubt by His declaration that He will come in the glory of His Father to execute that judgment which belongs to God alone, and by the indignation of the judges at what they declared to be blasphemy. The possibility of either imposture or self-deception on the part of the speaker is shown to be inadmissible, and the author then proceeds to discuss whether the assertion itself was possible, and whether the history, teaching, character, and miracles of Christ are calculated to leave any doubt as to the absolute trustworthiness of the speaker. The argument is clearly and strikingly put and the absurdity of the Christ of

¹ *Who and What is Christ?* By F. Roh, S.J. Translated from the Fifth German Edition. London: St. Anselm's Society, 1890.

the rationalists is shown with most convincing skill. Their attempts to explain away the Resurrection are also dealt with severally and shown to be impossible. So too the undeniable fact of the miracles of Christ to which cultivated pagans and philosophers bear witness, as well as the hostile Jew, though they explained them as performed by magic, can only be accounted for by the rationalists by a far greater miracle than all of them.

If any man will not acknowledge the miracles of Christ and consequently His Godhead, will he explain to us how the world came to worship a crucified Jew as its God, to set its hopes on Him alone, and to accept the religion of the Cross and live and die for it? If that has taken place without miracles, then it is an infinitely greater miracle than all others together. The moral miracles of Christianity cannot be denied—why is it sought to deny the physical ones? Is it because these latter are more difficult to perform? Does God find less resistance in the free and perverse will of man than in irresponsible soulless nature? As the corporeal world is only a shadow of the spiritual one, so the physical miracles are only a shadow of the moral ones, and considering human nature as it is at present, moral miracles can only be explained by previous physical ones. (pp. 45, 46.)

The fact that *Who and What is Christ?* is a translation from the German scarcely appears in its pages, except in a phrase here and there and in the reference in the concluding portion to a German pamphlet, happily unknown in England, which has for its object to explain away the reality of Christ's death. The St. Anselm's Society does good service by its varied publications, and the present little volume is one specially suited to meet doubts and difficulties often urged in the present day.

7.—THE FAMILY OF MALTHUS.¹

Mr. Orlebar Payne has, with his accustomed diligence, rescued from oblivion and collected together the surviving records and notices of the family of Malthus, and this sumptuous volume is the result. Monographs of this description are of great assistance to the historian, and their compilation involves great labour and a peculiar personal gift. Mr. Payne possesses the gift and liberally bestows the labour, and a family may well be

¹ *Collections for a History of the Family of Malthus.* By John Orlebar Payne, M.A. Privately printed. London, 1890.

grateful when his hand has compiled its records. The spelling of the name Malthus seems to be derived from the colloquial pronunciation of the word Malthouse, as Bacchus is from Bakehouse; but whether the original names are taken from a malthouse or a bakehouse is a point on which doctors differ. We may note that a similar abbreviation for Woodhouse was used by the martyr, Blessed Thomas Woodhouse, who signed his name Wuddus, a form that happily has not come down to our times.

There are two branches of the Malthus family, one in Berkshire and the other in Yorkshire. The earliest known member of the first of these is William Malthous, whose will is dated in 1429. He left his body to be buried in London in the Church of the Friar Preachers—Blackfriars, to wit—under a marble stone with an inscription upon it of his name and arms. Then come Richard Malthes, of Fareham, in 1537, and Thomas Malthouse, of Swallowfield, in 1546, the latter of whom left to his mother church of Sarum 2*d.*, and to the high altar of the church of Swallowfield 4*d.* We pass by many more, till we find in 1700 William Malthus, who left a legacy to the *blue-coat* school at Reading, on the condition that ten boys shall wear *green* instead of blue coats, marked WM, by which arrangement he advertised himself pretty emphatically. At last we come to the Rev. Thomas Malthus, the well-known political economist, whose principles are called after him Malthusian. He was born near Dorking in 1766, and died at Bath in 1834. His opinions Mr. Payne wisely declines to discuss.

Some slight traces of Catholicity are to be found in the Berkshire branch of the family, especially in Francis Malthus, who was in the French service. But in the Yorkshire branch the Catholic religion is visible from the days of the Venerable Francis Ingleby, martyred at York in 1586, whose aunt became a Malthouse by marriage, down to the present time, when the family has a representative in the Order of St. Dominic in the person of Father James Austin Maltus, O.P. His ancestors were impoverished for their fidelity to their religion, and he tells us that the last holder of any portion of the family estate at Clint, near Ripley, was a brave lady who used to give shelter to priests. "The pursuivants through their spies received information concerning these infractions of the law, and paid her a visit to enforce and obtain the fine. She stood at the front door and met them, and told them that she had no money

to give them. As the cattle were grazing in the pasture facing the house, the men drove the cattle away to sell them. This most probably would necessitate a last mortgage and then sale of the property." Happy is the family that has thus suffered the despoiling of its goods.

8.—PAPERS READ AT THE CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY'S
ANNUAL CONFERENCE.¹

The committee of the Catholic Truth Society have done well to publish in permanent form a series of papers many of which are of no ephemeral interest. We have already had occasion to notice the most important contribution of all on "England's Conversion by the power of Prayer," by the Bishop of Salford, which we trust may continue to be read and acted upon far and wide. The remaining papers treat a considerable variety of subjects of very different degrees of importance indeed, yet all eminently practical and dealt with in no academic spirit, but with a distinct view to action, the result being that, whether their suggestions are feasible or not, they have at least a living and real interest.

Perhaps Dr. Barry's paper on "Christianity and the Masses" stands first, not merely in order of place, but of importance and vigour of treatment. It is an eloquent statement, eloquent by the force of irrefragable facts, of the frightful condition to which our industrial system has reduced the landless, homeless, propertyless masses in our great cities—a condition of pauperism and degradation, incompatible with the Christian life, and steadily sinking into an abyss of barbarism which it is a mockery to call civilized, for it is anti-social and inhuman. Few will be found, we think, to dispute the truthfulness of the picture drawn of our proletariat, nor are we at least disposed to find fault with the position, that it is folly to expect Christianity to make any wide or deep impression upon this ever-increasing mass of heathendom as long as it is left with its physical surroundings unimproved, and whilst all the causes which originally produced this state of things are allowed to operate unchecked. So far we are heartily with Dr. Barry, but we could have wished that he had not gone out of his way to make an

¹ *Papers read at the Catholic Truth Society's Annual Conference at Birmingham, June 30th, July 1st and 2nd, 1890.* London: 18, West Square, S.E., 1890.

attack upon existing Catholic education. The accusation of "the worship of inutility" is a little vague, but a little inquiry would show our critic that the philosophy of St. Thomas, in which he rightly says the problems of modern thought will find their solution, is taught our young laymen in their own vernacular, and that the burning questions of political economy, of the relations between labour and capital, are ably treated by our Catholic professors, and discussed with vivid interest by their hearers. We only hope that by degrees the Catholic laity will wake up to the importance of their sons continuing their education till an age when they are capable of intelligent interest in such subjects.

Dr. Sweeney writes with the authority of experience on the special difficulty of obtaining a hearing from the rural population, and advocates the prompt use, a thing which he argues is now perfectly easy, of the Protestant, or at least non-Catholic press for the refutation of every anti-Catholic calumny and the explanation of every difficulty against our faith or practices as they happen to arise.

In Father Lawless' earnest paper on "The Salvation Army," we perceive how one who is face to face with the problems of the day in their concrete form in the East of London, feels how we are hindered by conventional barriers from grappling at close quarters with the evils of spiritual destitution, and longs to see a truly apostolic zeal unite clergy and laity in active, personal, constant co-operation in the work of rescue. Search out the waifs and strays, multiply and support Catholic homes for their maintenance, build barns in densely crowded neighbourhoods which the ragged poor will not be ashamed to enter; multiply schools; go out into the streets, the highways and by-ways and compel the miserable to come in; do not be afraid of rough work, of contact with poverty and filth; seek out in the most wretched of dens the lost sheep; in a word, profit by what is good in the example of the Salvation Army, eschewing what is bad—only let your dauntless resolve be to reach and touch the masses.

We cannot recommend too highly the manly, modest, and large-minded paper of Mr. Hardman on "Catholics and Art." Recognizing due progress in Christian Art amongst us during the last twenty-five years, he warns us very sensibly against yielding to the rage for cheapness, and advocates simplicity with honest work in preference to the combination of apparent

richness with a cheapness which implies dishonesty. With this warning and a suggestion which we should like to see taken up and further elaborated, of an association more or less on the model of the Gild of St. Luke with its technical school of Christian Art in Belgium, Mr. Hardman closes a paper which is as conciliatory as it is practical.

It is worthily followed by a more elaborate and very able article on "Christian Art" by Mr. C. T. Gatty, conceived in a similarly large-minded and eclectic spirit, and urging that as the Church has ever drawn the best artistic work to itself, so we her children "must do the best, and have the best, and try for the best." The pith and substance of the paper is well summed up in the following paragraphs :

I have very imperfectly attempted to make clear the following points :

1. That Christian Art is multiform, and that whilst there are gradations of merit and degrees of excellence in each of its many branches and schools, there can obviously be no one school or century comprehending the best of every branch or school.

2. That there is no absolute abstract best in Christian Art, for everybody, everywhere, and always, because human circumstances continually vary.

3. That our selection of a school, or style, must be made according to our requirements, and our determination as to the highest development of the school chosen, based upon the opinion of the best authorities.

4. That an immense responsibility rests with Catholics to cultivate art, not only for the sake of the artists, and the influence of their work on others, but because we ought to hand on the traditions of Catholic Art which have come to us in the splendid inheritance of our forefathers.

5. That as opportunities for culture increase amongst the mass of the people every day, Catholics ought to be prepared to take their part in the guidance and development of a great human faculty.

6. That a plain statement of the principles of art, and an historical analysis of the various schools of Christendom, accompanied by illustrations, emanating from a council of Catholic artists and scholars, would be of great value.

7. That as the struggle for individual independence and the desire for personal notoriety tend to diminish the amount of good work done for the common weal, the promotion of a Religious Order devoted to the formation of a sound school of Christian Art, working for the love of God and man alone, would be of great benefit to the people. (p. 71.)

9.—VALENTINE RIAINT.¹

Father Amherst has done good service by this little work. He read Lady Herbert's translation of the *Notes and Recollections from 1860 to 1879*, a memoir of a French lady who died a young religious of *Marie Réparatrice*. The book very naturally captivated him. And he has done his best to make the *Notes* better known and more widely read. The Review gives a slight sketch of Valentine's brief life, and then fills in the picture with some broad strokes of portraiture, which bring out the inner life of a beautiful and holy soul. Hers was certainly a highly gifted mind, and she had received a careful and Christian education. Her character, as Father Amherst justly says, was not masculine, but manly, genuine, and vigorous, without any sickly sentiment or obtrusive enthusiasm. There was a balance and a calm in it, and yet nothing stiff or unnatural. Valentine was a high-spirited, loving, and loveable girl, full of capabilities of enjoyment, intellectual and social.

But she was much more than this. Grace so largely poured out on a multitude of French homes, and which, in spite of the tainted atmosphere of the large cities, still finds many spots where the Catholic element is untouched, produced a rich and marvellous harvest in her soul. From the time of her First Communion especially, she felt her call to God, and it soon only became a question in which Order she was to seek for her home. Her thoughts were all for the *Adveniat Regnum Tuum*, and in the active life and special spirit of reparation of the Order which she was to join she found a special attraction. But the sacrifice was hardly made when God called for another, and she joyfully offered to Him her young life so full of promise.

The ideal which she put before her, the peculiar holiness of St. Ignatius Loyola, her fidelity to the pattern which she strove to imitate, the way in which she made her own the spirit of that Saint's Spiritual Exercises, are all briefly and charmingly told.

This Review is however intended to lead the reader to seek for further and fuller details of Valentine Riant in the pages of Lady Herbert's translation.

¹ *Valentine Riant*. A Review. By W. J. Amherst, S.J. London: Burns and Oates, 1890.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

THE *Outline of the Life of Cardinal Newman*,¹ by Dr. Barry, just published by the Catholic Truth Society, is an admirable summary, reprinted, with additions, from the *Tablet*. It is written with great skill, choosing out the salient facts of the Cardinal's career in a way that leaves on the mind of the reader a very true impression of his noble character and of the causes of his enormous influence, as well as a vivid picture of his eventful life. It is thoroughly appreciative of its subject, and shows a careful study of the religious history of the period. Some expressions are very happy, e.g., "Only a confused mind like Dr. Pusey's could dwell for ever in a maze of subtleties, where every word was doomed to have two meanings" (p. 9); and the tone throughout is moderate, and free from anything that would offend those outside the Church. We cannot do more than wish it the large sale that accompanies the well-timed publications of the Catholic Truth Society.

This *Life* is, we are glad to see, to be republished in a volume with the Cardinal's *Lectures on the Present Position of Catholics in England*.² Hitherto these Lectures have been published separately, but they are now nearly complete, and will form one of the most important volumes issued by the Catholic Truth Society. The eighth, on "Protestant Ignorance respecting the Church," is already in circulation. This Lecture, though delivered thirty years since, still holds good in the main, in spite of the dispelling of a vast amount of Protestant prejudice since then. Even when it has altogether ceased to be true, it will still remain as a picture drawn by the man of the greatest genius of his day, of the attitude of Protestants to the

¹ *An Outline of the Life of Cardinal Newman*. By William Barry, D.D. London: Catholic Truth Society.

² *Lectures on the Present Position of Catholics in England*. By John Henry Newman. VIII. Ignorance concerning Catholics the Protection of the Protestant View. London: Catholic Truth Society.

Catholic Church in the nineteenth century, and as such will have an immortal interest.

One of the privileges of those who take part in the Christian education of little children is the opportunity they have of storing their childish minds with religious truths that bring forth good fruit in their after-life. Poems and ballads afford a special means of teaching them what they will never forget; verses learnt in childhood often remain fresh in the memory till old age. Any simple poetry that implants religious ideas is therefore a boon to our little ones, and a versified Rosary ought to be welcome to all, priests, Christian Brothers, nuns engaged in instruction, schoolmistresses, Sunday school teachers, to say nothing of fathers and mothers who prefer home teaching to doing by proxy the work that they can do best of all when circumstances allow. Mr. Justice O'Hagan is a benefactor to children and teachers alike by *The Children's Ballad Rosary*,¹ lately published by the Catholic Truth Society. It is a work of art as well as of piety. Unlike most poems of the sort, it never flags, and it would be hard to point out weak stanzas. It will be a training in poetical narrative as well as in piety to those who use it. The metre is varied in the different parts of the Rosary, and we observe that to the Sorrowful Mysteries is given the special honour of being double-rhymed.

*The Old Religion of Taunton*² derives a mournful interest from the lamented death of Father Anderdon while it was in course of publication. Though he had passed the venerable age of threescore years and ten, yet his literary work in the cause of God and of truth, was continued up to the very day of his death. This last production of his ready pen is an expansion of a sermon preached at Taunton, the object of which is to show that Taunton, in common with the rest of Ancient Britain, received its Christianity from Rome. It is not our intention to follow the arguments by which the writer proves his point, or to enumerate the crowd of witnesses that he brings forward. The subject is not a new one, but Father Anderdon's pleasant style pervades it throughout and gives a sort of playful tone to all that he writes that enables him to speak plainly to those outside the Church without giving them offence.

¹ *The Children's Ballad Rosary*. By Mr. Justice O'Hagan. London: Catholic Truth Society.

² *The Old Religion of Taunton*. By the late Rev. W. H. Anderdon, S.J. London: Burns and Oates, Limited, 1890.

*The Ministry of Jesus*¹ (Part IV.) is, we believe, the sixteenth of these little meditation books from the diligent pen of Father Clarke, which the Catholic Truth Society lets us have at a penny apiece. The staple food for the soul is to be found in the Gospel story of the Life and Death of our Lord, and these books prepare a goodly portion of this food in shape well adapted for meditation. This fourth part gives us daily bread for four weeks' use, the points for each meditation occupying a page. This set of meditations contains some delightful and most profitable subjects, as the Feeding of the Five Thousand, the Walking upon the Water, the Bread from Heaven, and other topics from the great discourse in the 6th Chapter of St. John, the Syro-Phœnician Woman, the Blind Man at Bethsaida, and it ends with St. Peter's Confession and the Promise thereupon made to the Prince of the Apostles. The briefness of these points has made these little meditation books very generally acceptable; and that they certainly would not have been, if in their brevity there were not a sufficient abundance of matter for a fruitful meditation.

Miss Drew's translation² of the text and prologues of the Ober-Ammergau Passion Play is a careful and most conscientious rendering in which sense is never sacrificed to sound. The same remark is applicable to the present little book, which deals with the choruses and solos omitted from the former work. These formed a unique and most effective feature in the presentation of the Play, and those who used Miss Drew's translation while witnessing the Play, will welcome this appendix, which completes it, and as time goes by will help to bring back memories to them of the scenes they saw upon the stage of Ober-Ammergau, and of the thoughts those scenes produced. Apart from any value of this kind the little book possesses, it is most interesting to those who have not seen the Play, because it is a skilful and successful effort to present, as its authoress says herself, "in rhyme and rythm," those songs by which the chorus of the Play second the efforts of their Leader in impressing on the minds of those who hear them the morals to be drawn from the types of the Old Testament, and reflections to be made upon the Passion of our Lord.

¹ *The Ministry of Jesus. Short Meditations on the Public Life of our Lord.* (In six parts.) Part IV: From the sending out of the Apostles to the Confession of St. Peter. By Richard F. Clarke, S.J. London: Catholic Truth Society.

² *The Choruses of the Ober-Ammergau Passion Play.* By Mary Frances Drew. London: Burns and Oates, Limited.

The Sacred Face of our Blessed Lord has in some respects claims upon our veneration equal to those of His Sacred Heart. As His Heart may be called the internal instrument of His love, so His Face was the means of its external expression. The sight of His Face, beautiful beyond the sons of men, had a mysterious attractiveness to men of good-will, and drew to God thousands of sinners while He was on earth. It also represents to us His Personality, as is well said by Mgr. Preston in the Preface to the little book we are recommending to our readers. To look upon It is the joy of the angels and saints through all eternity. We owe an unlimited reparation to It for all that It suffered on earth, for the crown of thorns, the wounds that covered It, the blood that filled His sacred eyes, the cruel blow struck Him on the mouth. We therefore rejoice to see a formulated Manual of Devotion and Reparation to the Holy Face.¹ It contains a little Office of the Holy Face and a number of beautiful prayers, aspirations, and other methods of showing honour to that Face cruelly disfigured for us. We hope that it may help not a little to increase the growing devotion to the Holy Face which is one of the protests of the Christian world against the paganism and irreligion outside the Church.

M. Messio is avowedly in contradiction with long-established traditions.² His book may be considered, in many respects, an excellent translation of the Psalms in French metre, but it is, above all, a decidedly independent study on Biblical chronology. It unquestionably has considerable pretensions as a poetic effort, but ascetical it is nowise, neither does it follow in the commentators' wake; indeed its privilege and characteristic feature is that it follows nobody. Establishing himself in point-blank opposition with received ideas, the author courageously, plausibly, perhaps triumphantly, attacks difficulties which have hitherto baffled learned research. To his demonstration, should it prevail, would be due no less startling a revelation, with regard to the Psalter, than its indubitable unity of authorship and design. Views opposed to his plan and founded on what is conceived to be a fanciful, hap-hazard assembling of poetical compositions, progressively developing into the collection of

¹ *The Crown of Thorns, or, The Little Breviary of the Sacred Face.* New York, &c.: Benziger Brothers.

² *Le Poème des Psaumes.* Par A. Messio, Curé-doyen de Sains, &c. Amiens: Imprimerie et Librairie Générales, 1890.

Psalms we possess, he treats as apocryphal tradition. On the whole, it is a book respecting the value of which it would be perhaps unsafe, at present, to form an estimate. Time, however, cannot help proving itself an impartial judge, when M. Messio's work has weathered the little storm of wholesome contradiction, which it is the privilege of merit to unfailingly provoke.

Cassiope, and other Poems,¹ contains some very creditable productions, and not a few are of exceptional merit. Originality, purity of sentiment, fidelity to technical detail, unite in them with harmony and genuine poetic feeling. There are stanzas of remarkable smoothness. Nothing is cramped or stiff; indeed, what metrical composition exacts the author appears to easily comply with, so naturally is the idea moulded into a poetic form, and accommodated to the troublesome exactions of the rhythm. Yet, however excellent the Alexandrines may be, shorter measure adapts itself more to the author's talent.

Now and again, as if through inadvertence, certain expressions indicating a tendency to the defects of the romantic school are met with, and especially a sacrificing of too much to nature. Nature poetry must be, not nature simply, however, nor even nature artificially, but nature mingled with art, nature refined, and if not idealized, at least inexorably separated from the trivial or commonplace. Something of this defect appears in "The Infanticide," and elsewhere.

It is of such importance that Catholics of all kinds should be well informed respecting the Law on the Custody of Children, that we must recommend to our readers a four-page leaflet² in which Mr. Maude has put clearly and concisely a summary of the legal position in the matter. In it priests or laymen who are anxious to save our children from being stolen or kidnapped, or bought up by the enemies who watch for their souls, will find how far the law will protect Catholic interests. If they want further information, they will find it in the shilling volume on the subject by Messrs. Maude and Leathley, which has been already noticed in THE MONTH.

¹ *Cassiope, and other Poems*. By Boleyn Reeves. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, and Co., 1890.

² *The Custody of Catholic Children*. By W. C. Maude, M.A. London: Catholic Truth Society.

II.—MAGAZINES.

The belief, called in question by modern scientists, that the Chaldees possessed considerable knowledge of astronomy, has been confirmed by the discovery in the British Museum of some tables in cuneiform characters for the purpose of calculating the length of the lunar month. Of these tables, which prove the ancients to have been acquainted with the laws regulating the movements of the heavenly bodies, more especially the changes of the moon, an account and explanation is given in the *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach* (September). The early history of Demetrius, the pretender to the Russian Throne in the seventeenth century, whose career gave occasion to a fierce attack upon the Jesuits and upon the Papal Curia, is related by Father Arndt, in order to show, on trustworthy authority, what was in reality his relation to the Holy See, and his connection with the Society of Jesus. In the fourth instalment of his essay on Hypnotism, Father Haan inquires how far it is possible that the hypnotic sleep may be mere deception. He quotes the contradictory opinions of various physicians, and the experiments whereby they endeavoured to ascertain the real nature of this mysterious power, and whether it may be due to the almost unlimited influence of the imagination over the physical organs. Father Pesch writes on the social question. Too sharp contrasts are always attended with danger to society, and where they exist means must be found to soften them. He points to the lessons history teaches us on this subject, and bids us observe in the middle ages the influence that was exercised by Church and State respectively to maintain the rights of classes, and establish healthy relations between the upper and lower strata of society. The *Stimmen* concludes with an article on the British Colonial Empire, its present condition and future prospects, written with much justice and good sense.

Two articles in the *Katholik* (September and October) upon the new Mass appointed for the festival of the holy Rosary, and the Office for that day, are well worthy of attention. Each part of the service is commented on, and its beauty and appropriateness pointed out, thus enabling the reader to enter into the spirit of the Church, and give greater glory to the

Queen of the most holy Rosary, whose month is inaugurated so happily by this addition to the liturgy. Dr. Stöckl descants on the school system of Germany, and exhorts Catholics not to weary in their opposition to the un-Christian principle on which it rests, that to provide for and direct the education of the young is exclusively the business of the State. Attendance is compulsory at these Government schools, from which Catholic teaching is excluded. The concluding portion of the essay on the Therapeutists will be read with much interest. The writer expresses his opinion that they were a body of converts from Judaism in the Apostolic times, consisting principally, if not entirely, of priests and their families, whose obedience to the faith, spoken of in Acts vi. 7, naturally caused a great sensation, and aroused hostility. To escape persecution they fled from Jerusalem, and settled near Alexandria. This theory is shown to account for many observances peculiar to this remarkable sect. Dr. Müller has collected evidence from trustworthy contemporary sources respecting the death of Gustavus Adolphus, who fell in the battle which terminated the Thirty Years' War. Dr. Röhm gives numerous quotations to prove that the theory, originated by Luther, that the Papacy is Antichrist, is actually still believed and propagated by Protestants as a part of their creed. Some useful remarks on the organization of workmen's associations, to promote their material and spiritual welfare, will also be found in the *Katholik*, as well as the first part of a very lucid and able article on the free-will of man, in which the arguments of objectors are refuted.

The attitude of those Catholics in Italy who take part, despite the Holy Father's prohibition, in the National Elections, and desire that the Pope should yield to the necessity of circumstances, and withdraw the *non possumus*, so as to effect a reconciliation on other terms than the only ones possible, the restitution of the rights of the Papacy, is strongly reprehended in the pages of the *Civiltà Cattolica* (966). The series of articles on Visions, and the view taken of them by medical science and the Church, is now brought to a close. These papers form a valuable treatise indicating the signs and tests whereby it may be determined whether the mysterious phenomena under consideration are the result of Divine, of natural, or of diabolical agency. They are also useful as demonstrating to the laity that the Church is far from encouraging a rash credulity which sees the supernatural in everything abnormal,

while she condemns the materialist and rationalist, who would account for all ecstasies and visions as being either imposture, or illusions arising from a morbid state of mind or body. In addition to the information drawn from other sources already adduced in the pages of the *Civiltà* respecting the countries inhabited by the Hittites previous to their immigration into Greece and Italy, an account is given of several monuments and inscriptions in Syria and Asia Minor, furnishing indisputable evidence that in the remote past they once dwelt in those lands. The Archæological Notes speak of the Acts of certain martyrs who suffered during the short reign of Claudius the Goth, and of some inscriptions discovered during the excavations recently made in the ancient cemetery of Valentine on the Flaminian Way. The anti-Semitic feeling of the *Civiltà* is manifested by an article (967) on the Jewish Question, discussing the cause of the preponderance acquired by the Israelitic race, and its bearing on the financial, political, and religious condition of the principal nations. In the following paper, to the widespread influence of Freemasonry is attributed the contempt of human life and thirst for blood which is rapidly permeating all ranks of society. The history of the Pontificate of Gregory the Great is continued; and an interesting sketch is given of the youth of Adolf Kolping, whose labours on behalf of the working classes, from which he sprang, and from which by his industry, determination, and fidelity to grace he raised himself, have already been noticed in the pages of the *Civiltà*.

